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Mutchmore, S. A. 1830-1898.
Mites against millions; or,
Childhood against the worl

MITES AGAINST MILLIONS;

OR,

Childhood Against the World.

By S. A. Mutchmore, D.D.

How a Church was Built and Paid for through a Bequest of $4.41.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRESBYTERIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,

No. 1512 Chestnut Street.

1883.

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ERRATA.

Page 26, line 16, solitaire.
" 34, " 27, brake.
" 36, " 1, Cooke.
" 64, " 28, assimilation.
" 67, " 27, straitened.
" 71, " 16, of ("for").
" 73, " 19, for ("to").
" 74, " 29, genial.
" 83, " 8, preceding cut (page 62).
" 126, " 15, loyalty.
" 130, " 18, by ("in").
" 131, " 22, Stevenson.
" 131, " 26, McManes.
" 139, " 11, for ("to").
" 148, " 5, from ("of").
" 156, " 19, syne.

INTRODUCTION.

THE last pulse of the drowning victim is felt to the utmost limit of every shore. Not less mighty in result is the last heart-throb in the sea of air that surrounds us, or the greater sea of life moved by it. And as true is it of unselfish acts, often in man's calculations contemptible, which produce results ever multiplying throughout the moral universe. The same line of thought can be traced through the Saviour's discourses—burdened by conceptions of the expansive power of good deeds. He entered the domain of chemistry and gave the first discourse on diastase, the enlarging and permeating power of the Gospel, in the parable of the leaven hid in the measure of meal, and in that of the expansion of the mustard seed, from which we gather the other fact of the compressibility of Divine power, which can bulk within the shell of a mustard seed the faith force to remove mountains. Nor is it surprising that He made so much of the com-

pressibility and expansion of Divine energy; for man's weakness will always by contrast appear greatest right here. Man's comprehension cannot get beyond the measure of force by bulk. How much has been lost to the Church and the progress of religion in the world by this mischievous misconception can never be estimated; that the loss is beyond compute grows more apparent, as we perceive God's ability, on the one hand, to hide worlds in molecules, and on the other, to expand molecules to worlds. And what the Word of God, Providence, and Nature reveal of the law of this peculiar progress, history, tradition, and even fiction embellish. A gem broken at some angle from all these, as far as we have ability to give it setting, shall sparkle in *practical* application through the following pages, illustrating God's omnipotence and beneficence in hiding His marvels of power in a life young and evanescent, through death and by death expanded into results novel and surprising.

The following resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted by Presbytery of Philadelphia Central, at its monthly meeting March 7th, 1881 :—

"*Whereas*, Presbytery desires to show its appreciation of all efforts in church extension, and particularly in the building of churches and chapels without incurring debt, therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That we record our gratitude to God for the success in this respect of the church enterprise at Montgomery Avenue and Eighteenth Street, where we have a new and vigorous young church, with a property worth fifty thousand dollars,* unencumbered with debt.

2. *Resolved*, That for the encouragement and direction of other like efforts, we request the Pastor, Rev. S. A. Mutchmore, D.D., by whose direction the work has been accomplished, to prepare a history of the enterprise and the manner of its progress, at such time as may be convenient to him.

3. *Resolved*, That in what remains to be done in the entire completion and furnishing of the building, we heartily commend it to the continued and generous co-operation of those who desire the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom."

WM. GREENOUGH, S. C.

* It is now valued at $75,000

Mites Against Millions.

CHAPTER I.

LATE in the year 1870 a family from New England —father, mother, and a daughter about seven years old— came sometimes to worship in the Cohocksink Church in Philadelphia. Being strangers, they were only known by their occasional attendance upon the services, usually at night. Their whole demeanor was that of cultivated, though poor people. They lived in a small house on a quiet street; and traces of former luxury were apparent in articles of furniture which had once graced a home of comfort. They had no friends in the church except the Pastor, and this was but a vestibule acquaintance until a short time before the beginning of the Week of Prayer, during which the mother and little daughter attended the services, sitting far back in the lecture-room, disappearing immediately after the close of the meetings.

During the progress of these meetings the mother asked the Pastor to call at their home to talk with her about the daughter who was troubling her upon the subject of uniting with the church.

"Why are you so concerned at the persistence of this little daughter in her conviction that she ought to profess Christ?" She replied, tenderly, "Only because I think her too young." To the inquiry, "How old is she?" she answered, "Seven years old; she is thoughtful and a well-disposed child, and I sometimes fear we shall not have her long. She is our all, and we want her to be good, but feel that she is too young to take a step so important; besides, I have seen so much mischief arising from uniting with the church thoughtlessly, and so much evil in revivals, that I do not want her to do it." "Madam, are you a member of church?" The question agitated her. Her emotion showed plainly that her memory of the past was punctured at a vital point, for she was herself an irregular member, having been compelled to be absent from her duties by the perplexities of their poverty, which had, no doubt, driven her from duty as a privilege. Sunshine to most natures develops the Divine life more quickly and generally than the cloudy days and biting frosts of adversity. But the question had gone deeper than it was intended, and brought tears out of the fountain of her heart.

During the interview with the child, whose pale face was bright, composed, and confiding, the Pastor asked, "Do you go to church?" She replied, "Yes sir; Mamma and I go at night, and sit under the gallery. Papa has lost his money, and our clothes are not fit to sit with the fine people who go to church in the daytime." "Do you think you ought to unite with the church?" "Yes

sir," she answered, more calmly than many of maturer years could have done. "Don't you think you are too young?" "No sir." "But your mother does." "Mamma is only afraid I won't hold out; but Jesus has promised to help me." "You feel sure of your duty, though your mother does not think the same?" "Yes sir." "Well, give me your reason for so thinking." "Mamma read to me from the Testament, that Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;' but nobody calls me a little child any more, so I guess I must be bigger than the ones He took into His arms." "Did you ever hear of a little girl seven years old coming to the communion?" "I don't know as I did; but I don't see why one should not. I think God is a father; don't the Bible say so?" "Yes." "Then don't fathers want their children to come to the table when they are hungry? My father does; and is not God better than any earthly father? Mamma says so!"

The Pastor said to the mother, "Your child is certainly born of God, for no child could form such an experience out of her own mind; no man or woman could, for it is not the product of genius, but grace. I will present her case to the Session and tell them what you have both said, and if the Session, which is one of great experience and prudence, agree to it, she might be received into the church. "Could you trust the judgment of the Session if they tell you that they think your daughter ought to be received into the church?". She

replied that her only wish was to do what was for the best, but said, "I am so unworthy I ought not to judge; do as you think right;" and with these words she was overcome with weeping.

This child was not as many of maturer years—all absorbed about herself. Her father was not a Christian, and his business was against him. He was traveling, beyond the sanctities of home or the blessing of regular habits in church-going. He did not often appear at the house of God; and, so far as we know, no one except his little invalid daughter and his wife cared for his soul. He had just returned from a long business journey to find a marvelous change in his home. The Spirit of God was there, and it had been turned into the presence chamber of God and place of deep longings for good. Heaven had entered during his absence and had called his only child to the service of saving her father. She told him her purpose and of her interviews with the Pastor and of the blessed revival in progress in the church, from which she had been prevented by her delicate health. She begged him to go with her, when the communion should come, into the church. He said, "Daughter, I would be glad to go with you, but I am not fit. "But," said she, "God will give you fitness, as He did to me; and I will pray for you. Dear papa, won't you go with me? Mamma is going to unite with the church. There is church to-night," said she. "You go. Mamma and I will pray for you, that God will take all your fears away. He promised, and was pres-

ent at the services, and did not disguise the fact of his deep concern for his soul. He remained at home not only on account of the sickness of his daughter, but on account of the more important fact that he felt that the time had come to seek that peace the world could neither give nor take away. He was finding new sources of devotion to this only child. He had thought there could be no stronger ties than in his love for her, but he was to learn a new and stronger devotion in her love for him. What an eventful week that was when Christ was all the theme in that home, and every other interest was consumed in this. Those were growing days in the Cohocksink Church. It was entering the clouds of fear; but instead of failing, it was to be baptized in them. The church was urged to rise to its privilege, its joy, and heaven's joy in the exertions of its love and gratitude, to save souls.

At one of the services the church was asked to engage in silent prayer and to become sponsor for those unfortunates, those spiritual orphans, willful and neglected, who were connected to the church by covenant, or who had put us under obligations by attending upon its services and contributing to its support, that the King might stretch out the golden sceptre to them. All in the house, saints and sinners, put themselves in an attitude of prayer; and it seemed as though from every heart a prayer went up—an amazing scene. The Pastor was impressed that God's Spirit in some measure pervaded every heart, and was prompted to test it, by

calling on the church first to say if the services should be protracted through the following week, saying, "Brethren, this does not mean that you are merely willing to attend these services, but that you will lay aside every hindering cause; that you will visit your friends, and speak to them about their salvation; that you covenant to follow the suggestions of God's Spirit for yourselves, your families and neighbors. If you do not mean this, do not assent by rising in your places." Nearly the entire church rose. A few, as usual, could not adjust themselves to any forward movement —"afraid of excitements or of being fanatical, or not believing in revival methods." The Pastor then turned to the impenitent and said, "You see what the people of God propose to do for you—to pray for you, and to speak to you, to labor in every way possible for your salvation this week. What will you do for yourselves? Will you promise to come to church? Will you pray for yourselves? Will you let us pray for you till you cease to grieve the Holy Spirit, and let Him do unresisted what He will for you? Will you receive kindly these people of God, who seek your soul's good? If so, rise up." Almost all of this class arose, and so far as known kept their promise during the continuance of the services.

The same deep seriousness pervaded the Sabbath-school in the afternoon. The superintendent, Elder Harvey, said to the teachers, "Teach for eternity;" and subsequent events showed that they had heeded the injunction.

At the close the younger children were dismissed, and only the adult classes were asked to remain, to whom the Pastor made a short address, urging upon them thoughtfulness, prayerfulness, and decision, announcing that he wished the Session would meet any who were willing even to talk upon the subject of their souls' interest, not knowing certainly that there was one in the house ready to take a step so decided. The hymn, "Linger Not," was sung. One after another, male and female —more than fifty—responded, until the room was filled and two adjoining class-rooms. The Session and teachers were overwhelmed with joy to see the seed they had scattered so unskillfully, and often indifferently and wearily, ripened into such a surprising harvest. Their humiliation at these results was as great as their unbelief had been, which had wrought carelessness in their work. They felt accused, as did Peter, when Jesus had commanded him to launch out into the deep, who had opposed his own judgment against possibility of success, saying, "Lord, we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing," giving only reluctant and faithless obedience; who afterward was confounded and confused at the result, cried, as if dazed by his unbelief and God's mercy, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man." The emotion was so great, it was almost impossible to find any one who could get through a prayer for the penitents. This work of grace had begun before, but God just then opened our sealed and filmed vision to see it. This manifestation of the Holy Spirit's pres-

ence continued, reaching young and old, from children to men of seventy years, until over one hundred professed their faith.

During this revival the father of the little girl made profession of his faith and was received into the church. The prayers of the mother and child were answered. A new sun broke upon their long grief-clouded horizon. They had lost their earthly estate, but had been made instead the heirs of an inheritance incorruptible, which fadeth not away, and had already received the first instalment in being an unbroken family in the hope that purifies the soul.

Sickness had prevented the daughter from accompanying her father, so she sent her prayers with him and laid patiently on her bed, more than repaid for its privations in thankfulness over the answers which were soon returned. Being too ill to go out at night, and not able to be present at the meeting of the Session in the church, hers was made a special case; and, upon the presentation of the evidences of her spiritual life, which the Pastor had gained in his frequent visits, the Session determined to send a committee, consisting of Elders Harvey and Scott, to receive her at her home.

She was weak and nervous. The thought of the event and the surprises of such happiness were too much for her feeble constitution, in which the evidences of consumption were already too visible for any hope beyond a few months. Her experience was so well known to the Pastor and Session that but few questions were asked.

Few needed to be asked, for it was but too apparent that her childlike life would soon be developed in Christ-likeness in His immediate presence and in companionships of those gone before. She expressed the hope that she might be at the coming communion, and said she was praying for strength to be with her father and mother, the sweetest desire of her heart.

She was granted the wish of her life, and stood between father and mother on that eventful day, now so rich in the memories of that great multitude—nearly one hundred—who stood up with her to profess Christ.

As they were making their public profession they stood at the head of the large circle around the pulpit on the east side of the church. The father changed places with the child, and she became the first of the circle. The reason for the change was afterwards explained. "I placed her there because she had become, by God's grace, the head of the family. I was unworthy, having neglected my duty; and it seemed as if we were to be led by a child into the kingdom of heaven." This was nothing new, for who has not seen often gray-haired parents, upon whom the frosts of unbelief had settled, whose hearts had been chilled by the cares and neglects of life, warmed into immortal vitality by the prayers and examples of their children—by that glorified childhood, which lies in the bosom of the utterances, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." "Out of the mouths

of babes and sucklings" God is ever confounding the wisdom of the world. The fortresses of human knowledge are pulled down by the Lilliputs of His grace. We often see like displays in the forces of nature, but fail to generalize from them to guide us in the workings of grace. We can but admire the concentration and well-directed force in the little tug, which lies scarcely above the surface of the water, appearing not much larger than a man's body, taking two and three great ships from the harbor out to sea. So have we seen a wife or child, the weakest fraction of a family in human estimation, taking out of life's dangers, snares, and tumults, the strong ones, overcoming sharp resistances, "patiently enduring as seeing Him who is invisible," until all are brought into the desired haven.

That Sabbath was a memorial day in the history of the church, as well as to this new-born family. It was deeply solemn—one of the moist-days in Christian life, when graces soiled through worldliness are washed in the tears which have their sources in broken and contrite hearts. It was a communion rich in joyful and sorrowful memories.

In the breaking of the bread there was a solemn hush. It was to every heart more as a personal than a symbolic and historical act. Half-suppressed sobs and sighs were heard—some of penitence, others of freshened memories of the loved whose places were vacant. Those sitting apart by the aisles of separation—

the unwilling, those who were longing but fearful—wept over their unhappy condition. The communicants were asked to bow in a silent prayer for special wants; for relief from those mute sorrows which course too deeply to be heard, and for patience to bear them; for the prodigals, covenant-treasures, given in vows by prayerful lips now silent in death.

CHAPTER II.

In the days of their abundance the parents aimed to gratify every wish of this only child. Until she was six years old she had never heard of need and the struggles it imposes. The year of reverses through which they had passed seemed to have advanced her five years beyond her age. She talked as one who had gone far in the experiences of life.

The journey from New England to Philadelphia was to her mother one of sad forebodings. It was to be a wrestle with want in a strange city, far from home and friends. The father was a commercial traveler; and they were to be deprived of his presence, living in dread of harm to him through sickness or accident on his journeys. The mother, in the city of strangers, had no companion but her daughter. Of course, in this eventful year, hearing all the fears and trials of her mother, she grew old; but beneath all this an unseen power was bringing the tender plant to perfection by putting perfection into the flower for transplanting into more genial surroundings.

We have often to confront the pertinent question, sometimes in tears, sometimes in jesting, "How is it that all the good little children of whom we read in books always die?" We answer, How is it that the largest and most promising fruit falls earliest to the

ground? It ripens first; it has been in a favorable position, where it was washed by the first dews and folded in the first sun rays. The winds tested hardest its strength of stem; and as it grew in proportion, beauty, flavor, and tinting, it loosens its hold upon the bough and falls unchilled before the coming of autumnal frosts. Observation shows this in God's grace as in nature; to open eyes its mysteries are common-places. On the young spirit of this child, whose time of education for heaven was counted by days instead of years, severe and quick discipline was set to the preparation. Dark Providences were called to the services, as they would seem—obscure to the natural vision—but by these poverty and grace began the work of polishing this jewel, that it might be fit for a glorious setting.

A single fact will show the beginning and ending. Among the gifts received by her was an iron box or bank, into which in better days was placed the small change, which it was the rule of the household to give her; every three-cent nickel was understood to be her tithing. She was thus saving to get for herself a set of jewelry, "when she should be a young lady." But in the day of reverses she changed her purpose regarding the contents of this bank. She would say in her sweet, trusting, simple way to her mother, when the burden of poverty and loneliness would force her into weeping, "Don't cry, mamma; I will give you the money in my bank." The mother said, "I cannot tell how often this offer brought repose and even sunshine to my troubled heart."

After her union with the church she again changed the direction of her treasure. One morning at breakfast she said, "I think I must put my bank in heaven." "Why," said her mother, "I was counting on it to help us if our money should run out. If anything should happen your father, you know we would not have enough to live on a week." She was silent and thoughtful all the morning. At luncheon she said, "Ma, I have been thinking about my bank, and it seems to me that I ought to put it in heaven, for you know that you read to me, 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' I want my heart to be in heaven, but while the bank is mine I keep thinking what nice things I could buy with it; and the old purpose before papa's troubles comes back and troubles me—what nice jewelry I could get with it when I get to be a young lady. If I should give it to God, I would know it was His, and to think about taking it would be stealing; and you know God has promised to take care of His children, and I am not afraid of being needy or hungry. Don't we have enough every day? Can't God keep pa next week as well as this?"

This ended the conversation for weeks. "But," said the mother, "it taught me a lesson I needed. It was a rebuke to my want of faith and fruitless tears, which I hope has been a blessing ever since. It seems as though God were reproving my distrust by the mouth of the babe of my bosom."

A change had now come that was unmistakable in

its meaning, that this young Christian was now to know the passive side of spiritual life, and in her remaining days to gain victories by contest with pain—"Out of weakness made strong." The chill winds of March, coming salted and iced from the sea, weakened a frail body already strained by a mind beyond its strength. The hope of going the next Sabbath to church, and then the next, bore her brightly through each week. When the looked-for day came, weakness and a dry and harrassing cough would anticipate her fond hopes. But she took up these shattered hopes again for the "next Sunday," smiling through the weary hours of pain another week. It was evident that disease was gaining the mastery. The cheerful smile became a halo to the fever-flushed face, and the shadows of death began to gather. The great problem was now to keep her alive until the genial sun should dissolve the snows and mitigate the chill winds back in their native New England, whither the mother purposed to take her dearest, all that she had in this world, now slipping from her embrace. The child comprehended the situation, and began to adjust herself to it, as summer's leaf to autumn sunshine, on which the impress of death first appears in the changed color of the veins, deepening gradually into crimson and gold; but her life anticipated the autumn, and withered under the breath of March. She began to talk strangely of a life that at first, to those who loved her, seemed afar off. To them it was as if she spake in parables, or uttered "dark say-

ings on the harp;" and in unwillingness to recognize the truth, attributed it to the effect of morphia given to lull the cough and bring sleep to weary eyes. But she brought heaven nearer every day, and was daily becoming more intimate with God. She reached the sublime altitude where death seemed but a speck on the widening disk of a rising life. She ever welcomed the visits of her Pastor as the occasion of finding out something new about heaven. She could hardly wait to answer questions as to her health, but would begin at once to ask about heaven, as if to puncture the veil which hung between. Her eye would catch a strange, unearthly lustre, seeming to scan immortality with its searching gaze. The 14th chapter of St. John and the 22d chapter of Revelation were her fields of investigation, revery, and delight.

On a bright May morning, when she was being conveyed to the train to go to one of the New England States, (we think, though not certain, Vermont,) she said, "I don't think it will do me any good. I may never come back; but mamma will feel better about it, and I hope I shall breathe easier so high up, and be nearer heaven. Good by, dear Pastor; remember me to the Sabbath-school; pray for me, that I may get through; and if I don't come back, I will look for you in heaven."

CHAPTER III.

From the other sources were gleaned the incidents recorded here as links binding her past with the after-fragment of time, when the relation of pastor and dying parishioner were again renewed.

After reaching the mountain heights, with the pleasant surroundings and tender solicitude of kindred, she seemed to revive, and was able to go occasionally to church and Sabbath-school; and her work of love was not suspended. She lived Christ, and commended Him so attractively that her young associates, whether Christians or not, were never weary hearing of that faith which was to her hope, joy, and life. The summer passed away in alternate light and shadow, hope and fear, to the anxious mother; but the sunset was near, and the shadows deepened daily.

In the early autumn the family returned to Philadelphia, hoping by the milder winter to put off the inevitable day. She hoped and prayed that she might once more go to church and Sabbath-school. One day she said to the Pastor, "If I could go to the communion once more, I think it would be all I should want," and then asked, "Do you think I shall know everything when I die, or will I lose my sight first? I hope I will not die blind. I want to see papa and mamma before the Saviour comes to take me to His arms. Do you think it will be dark on the way to heaven?" The

Pastor said "No." "Then what does it mean in the 23d Psalm about the 'Valley of the shadow of death?'" "I think that is often passed long before we reach death. It is not death; it is only the shadow of death," replied the Pastor. "I think it means the hard, dark struggle, when we first find out that we must die, and have not yet received the dying grace which makes us willing to go." "I am glad," she said, "that it won't be dark, for I want to know all; and when I get to heaven I will ask the Lord to comfort papa and mamma, for I know that I shall see them again. I am glad we were made poor, for we would never have come to Philadelphia; we would never have come to your church, and would not have been Christians. Do you think the time will seem long when we want something in heaven as it does here?" "No; there is no such thing as time in heaven. You know a thousand years are but as a day with God; why do you want to know?" "Because I want soon to see papa and mamma."

The winter months crept wearily on, the shadows of death growing darker; her eager inquiries about the home so near were pressed, more from anxiety to know what awaited her than from fear lest she should be lost by the way. In her exhaustion she lay as one from whose body the spirit would go and return, as if loth for a final departure. For hours she would be apparently pulseless, and then would rouse with all the functions of life astir again. Watching her preparations for heaven in her surrounding conditions, we were reminded of

what we have seen in bird-life. When the swallows come out of their nests, in the first warm April days, and perch upon the fence-rails, the old birds stretch their wings downward to their utmost length, while the young ones try to do the same with their half-grown pinions. This is repeated every sunny day, until young and old can stretch their wings alike, when all suddenly rise, and on outspread pinions soar to other climes.

Day after day all waited to hear of the child's release, but she lingered, as she said God was keeping her until her father and mother were willing to part with her. The pastor had been absent, preaching at Lafayette College, and upon entering the pulpit on the Sabbath following his return, found a note—"Please come up and sée Fannie; we think she is dying." This request was complied with at evening, an hour or two before service. It had been a sombre, chilly day, but now the sun had cast off the thralldom of shadows, and was rejoicing in his triumph, glorifying the ranks of cloud that had shut him out all day from greeting his kingdom, and now was going down after the contest in a sea of gold.

A flood of softened radiance came through the open window upon the pallid face, from which unseen angels might have caught the last smile, and borne it back to God. The struggle was past, and the pilgrim was almost through the land of Beulah. She had talked with her parents and young friends during the day, and had divided her little treasures, giving to those who had

visited her in sickness, and ordering others to be given to loved ones far away. Then she began to talk of her bank and its treasure, of which she had said nothing since the conversation with her mother about giving it to God to avoid temptation. She now said, "I have been thinking what to do with this, which is not mine, but God's, and which I think He wants me to use before I go away. I would like to see our Pastor, and give it to him to use for me." This was the occasion of the summons. She said, "Ma, I do not want to see the Pastor in this soiled gown. Would you put on my best dress, fix my hair, and put a clean spread on the bed?" And she was thus arranged when the Pastor came.

She spoke feebly, saying, "I wanted to see you before I go. The doctor thinks I will go home to-night. He did not think it worth while to leave me any medicine. Papa and mamma are willing; and I am so glad, because I have suffered so long, and know Jesus so well. I have been with Him so much since I have been sick that I know Him better than anybody, and am not afraid to go. But I want to hear you sing—

'I'm but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home,'

As you used to sing it in the revival, and then pray for me." Kneeling beside her, holding the well-nigh pulseless hand, with lips close to her ear, the Pastor tried to pray, and is not ashamed to say that it was with a dry

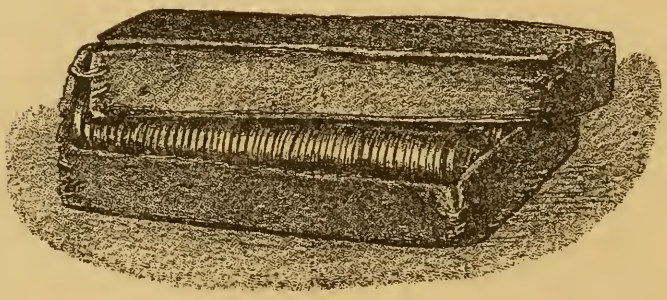
tongue and tearful eyes. Seeming so much further from God than she, it was a great effort to commend her to God who was so much nearer heaven than himself. Gladly would he have put his ear to her mute lips and let her pray for him.

After this prayer she said, "Mamma, I want you to get the money out of the bank." This she did, and laid it by her hand. She then asked for her medicine-box from the stand beside her pillow. This she opened, and seeing the powders in it, said, "I shall not want them," and, taking them out, placed the money gathered through years, nearly all in three-cent pieces, amounting to four dollars and forty-one cents. She replaced the lid on the box, and with eyes glowing with heavenly lustre, said, "*I want you to take this money, and promise me, so that when I am in heaven I shall know that it is done, and build with it a church for poor people like us.*"

In her childish simplicity she thought the sum sufficient. The Pastor was confounded, even though he did not begin to comprehend the magnitude of the promise. He said, "Four dollars and forty-one cents won't build a church. It will take at least forty or fifty thousand dollars." She looked for a moment surprised and disappointed, then thought a moment, and said, "*I will pray for you.*" And as she closed her eyes he leaned over her to hear, but could catch only a word or two, but knew it had been offered and accepted. He realized then the stupendous under-

taking thus bequeathed to him, but was afraid to say more, feeling the presence of God in that solemn moment. He rose, took her by the hand, saying, "*Fannie, with God's help, I will try.*" She looked satisfied, closed her eyes, and he never saw them open again.

The following is a fac-simile of the legacy-box and coins.



CHAPTER IV.

This pilgrim on her brief journey had carried a golden candlestick, the light of which still shines after the light-bearer had been lifted to her throne. In the room, beside the deserted tabernacle from whence the guest had departed, knelt the stricken mother. This was all that was left of her dearest treasure, and she felt that it was no unfaithfulness to her promise of submission to God's will, thus to cling to the cold remnant of that which had been given of Him, for cheer and comfort through painful trials, and which He had recalled, that henceforth nothing should stand between herself and Him. The dead face was serene and beautiful, the pain-marked features composed, as if body and soul had floated out into everlasting calm. She was dressed in white, the brown locks, which had been shortened because of her painful tossings, curled and crowning the white brow; they had been turned about a loving mother's finger, and preserved the tender impress in shining rings. The cold hands, crossed upon the breast, held a white rose, brought by a young companion the night before. The vain solicitations of a mother's ardent kisses were impetuously applied, as if to revivify the pallid lips. To the Pastor, who stood beside her, the mother exclaimed, "This is all I have left of life; and must I give this up too?" He replied, "Yes; it is dear now, but it

will soon be in your way." "Don't say that anything that was hers could ever be in the way!" He answered, "I did not need to tell you this. I should have left it to the Lord to teach it; but it is an experience before you, and when you come to it, it will not be hard. The death of the loved one is to the Christian little more than a change of perceptions. It is a mere passing beyond the cognizance of sense. So long as this deserted house lies before you, however beautiful and precious, you will not see your daughter. It is now between you and her. You must look for her where she is. A tear was enough to dim the recognition of our risen Lord from Mary, who mistook Him for the gardener. Sense can never make any better progress in knowing God, or those who are present in Him, than to mistake them for servants. In a fragment attributed to Bunyan is this conception of the hinderances of grief: A woman was weeping for her departed child, refusing to be comforted, when an angel appeared and asked the cause of her tears. She said, 'Don't you know that my only child is dead?' He replied, 'She is not dead, I can show you.' And putting a spy-glass to her eye bade her look; but she fretfully said, 'I cannot see anything.' Then said the angel, 'Wipe the tear from your eye, and you will see.' So until we have put away the objects of sense, and have shut ourselves in to faith, we shall not be able to understand. 'What I do thou knowest not now, but shall know hereafter.' When our loved ones are removed from sight, God compensates

by two other mediums. Memory becomes the mirror of the past, and faith the revealer of the future; and through these nothing comes to us of our departed but the beautiful. Their sins and short-comings go into an oblivion which even memory never enters. 'Blessed are they who have their friends taken out of the body and enthroned in memory. Thrice blessed are they who, not seeing, believe the promise of God, that the *dead are and shall be.*'" On the Sabbath afternoon after her departure, a service was held at the house, at which the few friends who knew the family were present, consisting of a part of the Session and Sabbath-school teachers; and on Monday morning the Pastor was present and made the parting prayer.

The form of the dead child was borne forever from our sight, to its resting-place beside their dead in the churchyard of their once New England home. At parting with the Pastor the mother said, "I can only thank you for what you and the church have been to us. If my heart could speak, I could give a more worthy tribute. I shall not see you again."

This seemed only a conjecture of present grief, which would pass away when time and grace should make the world seem brighter. But it proved not to be only the prophecy of grief; for she pined away, and in a few months she, too, dropped from the stem of life, and was laid beside the one she loved so well. Meeting the father a few moments at a railway station, between oppo-

site going trains, he hastily told the sad story of how the life of the mother had ended.

Years have passed since, and it seems as if those lives had sunk into an ocean, whose waters had closed over them with not a bubble to mark the spot. But when mind and matter leave the places where the pure and noble have fallen, their scattered deeds come back, and build for them lasting monuments, whose foundations rest upon the immutability of God, whose tops touch the confines of immortality. The woman who broke the alabaster box and anointed the Saviour's feet stole silently away between reproach and benediction. No memory survives of when or how she died. But she lives; and by the command of Him who says, "I am alive evermore, and have the keys of death and hell," she has an immortality like a soltaire in the bosom of the everlasting Gospel; for wherever it shall be preached it shall be told as a memorial of her, "for she hath done what she could." And the life, of which these pages are given as a memorial, has also its glorious record in "she hath done what she could." She gave herself and her all. Her grave is unknown to the world, like that of the great prophet, whom God buried with His own hands. But it was like shutting off the outer lights, that the light of the camera might display most clearly the one illuminated, chosen, central object upon the screen.

No child of her age and circumstances ever lived to be so widely known, whose name will be so revered in the

work she has left in the world. No story of a single human effort has been so associated with the joy of angels over the redeemed as this last act of dedication. The facts seem like a romance, but in their truth they are stronger than fiction. Her advent in our city for but little more than a year, driven before the inexorable hand of poverty to sufferings so severe and trying, is the dark background whereon grace has wrought effects of wondrous power and beauty. We see first the mother and child coming into the house of God, sitting under the gallery at night from a sense of shame at the contrast with those who had an abundance, but who, perhaps, were less rich in gratitude and devotion; then the child bringing both father and mother to the communion and fellowship of the church; and after this short but glorious work was done, lying sweetly down to die, and in the hour of death starting out agencies from her last heart-throbs to bless as long as mercy will plead and pardon will be given. The panorama of such a life can but lend effect to the lines which tell the wonders of redemption.

CHAPTER V.

This treasure-box and its covenant was the burden of years. It was a perplexing problem how to employ a gift so small, being unable to see beyond four dollars and forty-one cents. Faith had not been added as the multiple by which mites are made to equal millions. The Cohocksink Church, of which the child became a member, had in a few years a growth, under the marvels of Divine grace, which was a wonder to all who knew its beginning in an obscure, stuccoed building, badly situated, with a foundry on one side and paving-stones and railroad rubbish on the other. Here a noble band had struggled with poverty, obscurity, and depression since 1840; but hardships had made them sincere in faith, ready for heroic deeds, which they afterwards performed in the year 1866–67, with sublime labor and self-denial in the building of the present imposing structure situated on Franklin Street and Columbia Avenue, costing over seventy thousand dollars, a memorial of their faith and energy. It was a church that could be best governed by giving its members so much to do that there was no time for stratagems and strife if they had been so tempted. Such discipline, so effected, was the very pulse of prosperity. The Sabbath-school numbered for the year over a thousand scholars. The church increased at the rate of nearly one hundred members a year for six years, the church edifice, one of the largest

in the city, being so crowded that the Session and Trustees had under consideration the extension of the galleries around the interior, a plan in which the Pastor was not enthusiastic, as seven hundred members are more than any Pastor can care for without detriment to either people, health, or pulpit. During these councils about enlarging the building, light seemed to break as to the disposal of the child's trust and the fulfillment of the covenant made at its reception. The church was full of young life, spoiling for something to do that could be identified with itself as its own peculiar work. These young people desired to start a mission, but this was premature. The church could not spare them, for it was in its transition, and the loss of so much young blood might weaken its activities. Some of the people became fretted at what seemed to be unreasonable persistence, and a breach was apparent, and growing wider. The Pastor realized the dangers, feeling it perilous to go against the conservative and thoughtful element; but, if possible, more perilous to be separated from fifteen or twenty of his most promising young men, for any pastor is superannuated, even in the noontide of his life, who permits the ardor, strength, and love of young manhood and womanhood to fall from him. To avert this peril he promised, if they would stay and work with the church until its future under God was secure, and it should be recovered from the financial strain it had been under, that he would see that they should have a place and help in their wish to found and build a mission.

The first step to this end was the securing from the Central Presbytery (O. S.) the territory, then but sparsely settled, west of Ninth Street, east of Broad Street, and north of Columbia Avenue as a missionary field for the Cohocksink Church. The next step was, he hoped, to be the solution of the difficulty between the officers of the church and the young men, now fast culminating. To avoid also the expedient of enlarging the mother-church, and for the appropriation of the sacred legacy, which was becoming a chronic care, the Pastor purchased the lot of ground northeast corner of Broad and Diamond Streets, taking the individual responsibility to avoid any church complications which might arise if purchased by the congregation or their Trustees. The purpose of this was to get the church, which had, at this time, almost boundless capacity and willingness, rightly directed, to erect one story of a permanent building, finishing it gradually with such additional help as could be secured outside, and, at its completion, to propose to the mother-church to send out a colony to occupy the place, one of the best, prospectively, and is now, in many respects, in the city, the pastor going with the colony or remaining with the church as Presbytery should think best.

The prospect of thus sending out a church, free from debt, of young people full of zeal and intelligence, under God's favor, was a source of great happiness. But by succeeding events the purpose of thus disposing of the covenant trust was knocked into the very bosom of an uncertainty that well-nigh reached despair.

The last year of the pastorate had its occasional forebodings of disagreement between the young men and the older ones of the church; the breach seemed to be widening, and it was impossible to decide against either, for they were both conscientiously doing what they thought was for the glory of God. The services of the Week of Prayer developed unusual religious interest, which culminated in one of those memorable revivals with which, through nearly seven years, God had owned and crowned the faith and labors of this people.

At the close of the long protracted services, during the serious illness of the Pastor, a congregational meeting was held, in which the latent spirit of impatience, with the official membership of the church specially, became apparent—some of the younger men taking the opportunity to nominate Trustees in sympathy, as they supposed, with their purposes. Other evidences of coming defection between the parties appeared, which seemed to subvert all the prospective plans for the building of the new church. These little disturbances, which in health would only have been warnings to prudence, preyed upon the mind and spirits of the Pastor; and this was intensified by the forebodings of those whose love for the church was more intense than their fortitude in resisting and correcting what could have been obviated. During this illness, two of the Elders and two of the Trustees in person came to consult with reference to the pastorate of the Alexander Church, then vacant and in a great financial crisis. The resignation

of the previous pastor had created some feeling, on account of which and other troubles many were leaving and giving up their pews in the church. It was also represented that the Mercantile Library Association was about to foreclose a mortgage of $26,000, if the church did not get a Pastor and give signs of relieving itself from debt. Consequently the property, which had cost nearly $100,000, was in peril of going into the hands of the Papists—a motive which would never have weight again, having by experience come to believe that Protestants who permit themselves to be so overwhelmed with debt might be taught a profitable though painful lesson in seeing the wiser Catholics enjoying the fruit of their folly.

The Alexander Church was the crippled child of the Presbyterian household, claiming sympathy by its chronic troubles. Sentimentalism ruled the hour with the Pastor, and consent was given to the consideration of a call, the night after which the tide of events changed in the Cohocksink Church; but the Pastor felt compromised, and could do no better than throw the responsibility on Presbytery, which, under the entreaties of a faithful church, refused to make the change. But the Alexander Church was in process of dissolution, and despairing; and Presbytery reopened the case, at the advice of Rev. George Musgrave, D.D., and others, under the eloquent pleas of Dr. Ruel Stewart and the late William J. McElroy. Of the latter it is but just to record the universal judgment of all who heard, that his was one

of the most chaste, feeling, and effective speeches in behalf of the Alexander Church ever heard in any ecclesiastical court. Elder George Gabel, who was pleading for the Cohocksink Church with all the force of facts, power, and fervor, said only a few days ago, "I was confounded by that speech. I found every argument turned against me, and myself convinced by its eloquence, pathos, and power." The allegory of the shepherdless lamb, by which he compared the condition of the two churches, was powerful in its influence. Notwithstanding this, Presbytery was loth to rend such ties, and it was only carried in favor of the Alexander Church by a single vote. This put the treasure and covenant to build a church all adrift. The change was one of great trial. Debt upon the house of God is the very emissary of Satan; both pastor and people are under the eclipse of a chronic lie, professing to have given the house they worship in to God, while the wrongs of unpaid laborers cry to heaven. Perdition never invented a spear more poignant with which to pierce the heart of the cause of Christ. A church in debt is under more or less hypocrisy that is alike demoralizing to Pastor and people. Debts must be covered; for if they are known, "*small-pox*" might as well be written over the door—the rich will not come in, and the poor cannot pay them. Pews will go unlet, and as the pastor always pays the interest on the debt, he is usually blamed if he don't pay the debt out-right, the expectation being that he will make himself so popular that surplus pew-rents will clear the

debt, and the church become a paying institution instead of a living sacrifice with constant thank-offerings on the altar of God, a daily oblation of self and all that self possesses.

In a church burdened by debt the language of simulation will become, unconsciously, the daily vernacular. Something must be forever hidden. If Pastor or Session are asked by Presbytery how the church is progressing, they have to fence or walk around something, or, as a noted pastor of this city replied, when called on to say if his salary had been paid up, that his church was in a "*promising* condition." The people are also at a disadvantage, knowing the church to be in a chronic agony, as if a grain of sand were in its eye, because the truth will keep people away or give rival churches the advantage of their misfortune. Or if they are in a bad humor they will exaggerate its distresses; or, if piqued at the Pastor, will censure him for mishaps which common honesty would trace to the leprous-spot, *church debt.* It is doubtful if one of the inspired Apostles could sustain himself in a church fifty thousand dollars in debt for ten or fifteen years, with all the hateful complications, unless he were sustained by the miraculous power of God. There is but little vital piety where the shadows of debt forever chill. The piety that does live in it is prone to be crabbed and cheerless. Debt is a clog on the soul, a break on all progress, alike hateful to God and man. The change to this state of affairs was from sunshine into shadow, the depression lying alike upon Pastor and

people. The latter from long habit of expecting failure had become self-distrustful. Great promises had been made of outside help, which are so often deceptive. There is a great multitude always ready to assist in getting a pastor by telling of the number of pews that would instantly be taken if he would take the place. These, as is their inevitable custom, were not on the spot, but in their stead there came with the Pastor, mostly from the Cohocksink Church, a few substantial people, to join the faithful remnant already therein, who, knowing all about the situation, came to help, and attested their fidelity to Christ by the thousands they placed in the empty treasury. Other compensations also came in the form of a most Godly and faithful Session; and the church, from less than one hundred and seventy members, increased in numbers and piety. The Elders, in their pleas before Presbytery, said the church had tried everything to extricate itself but piety, and this was their hope, the test of their salvation. Officers and people fell into the habit of saying, "If God would give us a revival we could pay the debt." God accepted the conditions, and during the first winter there was a remarkable work of grace, in which about one hundred and twenty members were added to the church.

After this the people were reminded of their engagement, and faithfully fulfilled it. Some of their self-denials would read like romances. About thirty-five thousand dollars were raised in the fearful financial crisis

which began with the failure of Jay Cook. In the interim between 1873 and 1876 the additions to the church amounted to over three hundred; and all this time the church was under the strain of paying the debt and making repairs, which had been neglected for twelve years, amounting to about seventeen thousand dollars additional. These details are to show the line and steps by which the providence of God brought about the fulfillment of the engagement made so long before.

In all those years that promise was a heavy weight; dreams of neglect and dread warnings haunted the sleeping hours. It seemed at times as if the Angel of the Covenant was shadowing every step, saying, "Go up and build the promised house of God?"

Every endeavor to interest the wealthy was without avail, until one day, while alone with an old friend and parishioner, the late Hon. Henry T. Blow, who had been a co-laborer in the building of the Carondalet Avenue Church in St. Louis. Almost incidentally, the story of the little box, the life, death, and covenant to the child who gave it was told. The tears came to his eyes, and he showed deep emotion—a surprise to us, for it had been told before, and had brought no tears to any eye. He said, "Keep your engagement to that precious child. Don't think of giving it up, and you may draw on me for one thousand dollars as soon as you begin." If a voice of approval had come from the skies, it could not have been a greater inspiration. It was from a friend whom we had learned to trust, and whose word was his best security.

He was not an emotional person, though tender-hearted; and it was the first intimation of the marvelous power of the story to break the heart. These tears over its pathos were a revelation. It had seemed before as if we had in this incident and covenant been on the Mount alone with God, hearing words not to be uttered; but here was an unexpected lesson of success, the first manifestation of the power of the story over which multitudes have wept, and which has brought thousands of dollars from the pockets of saints and sinners in this and in foreign lands.

CHAPTER VI.

From this day the irresistible impulse was fixed, and each day of delay was a torment. Sometimes the shadows in illness would gather, which would be intensified by the fear that life would end with the pledge unredeemed. The promise of the thousand dollars was construed into a Divine intimation to commence the work; but this proved a phantom; for the thousand dollars was lost by the sudden death of the friend who promised it, before any steps had been taken by which it could have been a legal claim on his estate. But he intended it, and it was the first hope; and darkness irradiated by dying meteors is better than no light at all.

The thread of the history requires a return to the affairs of the Alexander Church. The years of that financial crisis which swept our country were sad and trying ones. Families who had lived well on comfortable salaries were reduced. Many pews were given up by removals of members to places of cheaper rents. Recitals of poverty were on every side. Members who had assumed obligations toward the liquidation of the debt were depleted by their large subscriptions. Pastor and people were crippled alike in the burdens assumed in those trying eight years, and some never recovered from it. The promised church, whose record was in heaven, was, however, a daily and nightly thought, often shadowed necessarily by half despair.

In the beginning of 1876 Mr. Moody held in this city his revival meetings, and, being on the Executive Committee, the opportunity was had of talking with him upon the all-absorbing theme, as to how to dispose of this obligation, for it was becoming a matter of fear.

He was strong in his convictions and the expression of them as to the duty of fulfilling the promise. So were many others. Counsel was not wanting; but help out of the dilemma was not apparent. Mr. Moody's counsel was, "Have faith, and take the first step." But the troublesome question was still, How far can one go in such an undertaking without money? It was the faith that can coin money out of itself that was needed. However, the conversation and advice deepened the purpose, and this was as much needed as money.

During the early months of the year 1876 the Alexander Church was again blessed by the presence of the Spirit of God; and the faith of her members, wearied by the financial adversities of years, was lifted into a free and happy life, for it was the first time since the organization of the church, nearly twenty years before, that it had ever truthfully been said that it was free from debt for any of the three edifices which had sheltered it in its career of vicissitudes. All this and Jesus Christ was indeed a blessed boon. A large number were added to the church—nearly one hundred. The hearts of all were gladdened, and as a blessed result a large company of young men were converted and revived.

The swelling of this River of Life had lifted many dry and lifeless hulks that had rested at high water mark from some former freshet, and they were set afloat again, and needed to be kept in motion by plenty of hard work for Christ, and they were anxious for it. The Spirit of God at this time reached also the hearts of men and women of advanced years and of wealth and influence. Some degree of that blessed experience was once expressed by a young disciple who, joining the Baptist Church, was about to be immersed. In process of disrobing him preparatory to the sacrament, one of the brethren was about to take his pocket-book lest the bills might be spoiled by the wetting. Perceiving it, he said, "Let it alone; I want my pocket-book to be baptized as well as myself." So we had a few pocket-books baptized, or rebaptized; and with the company of young men, and a lively sense of the mercies of God, it was proposed as a thank offering for deliverance from debt and restoration to self-respect, and for the blessed presence of the Holy Ghost, to make a departure from the previous melancholy march, in which a feeling of financial agony hung, like a wilted wreath upon a corpse, ever present.

A meeting of the Session was called to discuss the subject, and a blessed one it was, as were all the meetings of this most worthy body. It was the time of the weary cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" The answer came, "Morning cometh;" and light broke, transfiguring the covenant over which the years had rolled their shadows. The members of the Session were

all present, and after a general expression of gratitude for the hopeful condition of the church, the Pastor told, the first time in Session, the story of the treasure given to his care, displaying the coins, which drew upon the hearts of the Session at once, and a resolve was made and recorded to found as soon as possible a mission-school, with the hope that in the future it might become a church—to be the realization of the child's request and the Pastor's engagement to carry it out. Before it was made a matter of record it was the subject of prayer and thanksgiving, in which the late Elder McElroy led in a prayer peculiar to the man, which told of his nearness to God. On motion of Elder Stewart the following preamble and resolution were adopted:—

"In view of the temporal and spiritual condition of our church, and of the necessity of having some outside Christian work for the large number of young men in our communion, and in gratitude to God for His mercies to us, Therefore, *Resolved*, That it is the sense of this Session that some missionary enterprise be started in connection with our church, and that we believe the northern portion of our city to be the proper place therefor, and that we will start in this work at the earliest moment practicable.

"W. J. McELROY, *Clerk.*"

This was the first step of the undertaking.

In recounting the motives urged on us by trustful hearts it is but just to mention Mr. Adam Warthman,

of whose household the Pastor was a member. The subject often came up, with its duties, fears, and hopes. His advice was always to go forward, which was one day emphasized when the endeavor to build a wooden building was being discussed. He said, "Go on with it; and I will put the roof on for you," which was faith manifested in works, which we accepted as the genuine article. This engagement was fulfilled in a short time after; and not only this, but many more, as he and his family were among the first workers and givers and in endeavors and sacrifices amounting to thousands, until they have the joy of seeing their brightest hopes for the future of this work more than realized.

CHAPTER VII.

The locality for the proposed mission was now the important question, as it had to be determined with reference to several conditions. If to be under the care and carried on by the Alexander Church, it should be as near as possible. The territory of the church was very limited, not only by the close proximity of five other Presbyterian churches, but by a Congregational church also, on the opposite corner of the square, which in Philadelphia draws nearly all its support from Presbyterians. There was but one outlet, and this was northward. The ground was diligently traversed by Pastor and Elders, by moonlight and daylight. The Pastor and Elder Thissell explored every available place one night until midnight. The young men soon caught the spirit of the Session, and evinced the greatest enthusiasm in the search, especially among those who had maintained a most interesting prayer-meeting for more than two years. The Presbytery was made acquainted with this purpose, and location and permission to build by their authority was asked; but the mention of it developed antagonism. A judicious committee was appointed to determine the locality, which soon reported in favor of Eighteenth Street and Montgomery Avenue, or as near it as ground could be secured. There was sufficient reason for care in the location of new churches in the position into which the union of the two branches

of the Church had brought us. In the days of their controversies churches had been located, if not to thwart each other, certainly without regard to each other's future, and without the least indication that they would ever be united; so at the union we found many of our churches crowded together in destructive nearness. As a result, some became extinct, some have been wronged, and it were better if others were extinct also. The Presbytery had come to an understanding that new churches should not be located nearer each other than five squares. The locality determined upon by the committee was about half a square short of the one located at Twenty-first and Columbia Avenue. It is but just to the Session to say that they desired it a square further north, but a street railway depot barred the one side, and a disagreement between two landholders regarding the squaring of a triangular lot prevented a choice of the other corner. So the question resolved itself into going where the committee of Presbytery recommended, or to abandon the effort altogether, for there was no other locality where a mission of the Alexander Church could be cared for. Considerable opposition manifested itself in the Presbytery, but it was harmonized by the weight and judgment of the committee, and the admirable speech and management of Dr. Ruel Stewart, a member of the Session. The report of the committee was almost, if not entirely, unanimous, and another important advance in the unfolding of God's purpose, as it seemed, was taken.

The locality selected by the Presbytery was a brick-yard, covered with sheds and kilns, which was purchased at $14,500, the seller making a donation of $500. Thirty-five hundred dollars was paid by the Pastor and a member of the Alexander Church, named ———, who professed great interest in the undertaking, and a mortgage assumed of $11,000, the title being in the Pastor's name. The half now occupied by the church was placed at the value of $7000, and a mortgage executed representing this sum was placed on record and held so as to have it a subsisting lien ahead of all other encumbrances or liens which might attach during the erection of the church building, the other half being held by the Pastor and ———, with the understanding that any value it might gain should accrue to the benefit of the church. A declaratory deed was executed to the Session of the Alexander Church, drawn by the late Elder McElroy, one of the most eminent attorneys in the City of Philadelphia. The title to the church lot was assigned to the Pastor, and the mortgage, representing the purchase-money of the church part — seven thousand dollars—to ———, in the conviction that his professed interest in the work would make it safe; but he converted it to his own use, and set up a fraudulent claim that it was his own—that in a private transaction it had been given him in settlement—which led to a tormenting equity suit, lasting more than a year, in which the church owes an obligation beyond money to Judge Porter, District-Attorney Graham, and Attorney Roberts,

who labored to bring the suit to a close without other compensation than convictions of duty in a cause that was suffering wrong. After all the time and expense, it was found advisable to effect a compromise, the defendant being insolvent, and unwilling and unable to re-imburse the person into whose hands he had given the mortgage as a collateral. The possible delay and the fixed purpose of the defendant to continue his unjustifiable contest, and the interference of this outstanding claim with the progress of the work and the securing of contributions, forced a compromise. It was finally settled by the attorneys at a heavy loss to the Pastor—between two and four thousand dollars. This complication ended years after the beginning of the work, and has been recorded here as one of the many obstacles that were surmounted.

Immediately after the deeds were executed, it was determined that the work should be undertaken by building a wooden chapel. In the old Thirteenth Street Railroad depot, which had been the place of the Moody and Sankey meetings, were offered at auction the flooring of the entire building, of new white-pine boards, and about eleven thousand chairs. Gaining access before the sale, measurements were made of a section between pillars, by which an average by feet of value was made. Other bidders were generally in the dark about the quantity, which appeared less than it really was. The section measured contained over eleven thousand feet of lumber, for all practical purposes as good

as new. This was purchased, and five hundred chairs at twenty-five cents each. This was the first financial step in the work. The lumber was taken to the ground and the chairs to the cellar of the Alexander Church, and the first service rendered in this work was by the "praying band" of young men. The chairs had never been painted. They begged and bought the paint, and in the night painted all of them, making them ready for use before the place was ready for them. This zeal of the company of young Christians struck the key-note of nearly two years' unparalleled success. Some of them dropped out as laggards in the Christian work, but most of them have been noble workers ever since. Some have wrought with us since 1876, and are still our strength and hope, and some have "fallen asleep."

In order to make place for the proposed wooden building, the former lessees, who had a brick-yard on the ground purchased, were in great distress, for they were poor men, and their all was there, and it was too late in the spring to fit up a new yard, and if they gave this up it seemed like falling into starvation outright. They plead for the undisturbed use of the ground for the year, offering a good rent. One of them was a Protestant, the other a Papist—an Irishman—but they were ready and willing men, and it was hard to dispossess them. One night the thought came, as in a dream, that the first step in such an effort for the poor ought not to be taken in the oppression of the poor, even if it were just and equitable, and a voice seemed to say,

"There is room; yet there is room." Next morning, at seven o'clock, being on the ground, and the troubled men also, one of them said, "I have been thinking how we can get over the difficulty. We will tear down the corner kiln, to make room, and if you will permit us to use the rest we will not burn brick on Sunday, and will put everything in order on Saturday night, and will watch the chapel, that the boys may not break the glass." The last service was never needed, for the glass was never broken; the boys, from the beginning, claimed it as their own, as did the entire community, watching over it and the material for construction until this time, so that scarcely ten dollars' worth of material was stolen in five years. The brick-makers were permitted to stay for two summers without rent, and this generosity out of our own poverty was more than repaid, as later one of the most eventful chapters of this history will show. The kiln was immediately removed, and a space of thirty by seventy-six feet cleared for occupancy. That day a young man came to the study, representing that he had been awakened from a thoughtless life in the Moody meetings; that he was a child of Presbyterian parents in Ireland, and had been baptized by Dr. John Hall, of New York City. He represented that he had been without food all day, and wanted work as carpenter. As providences were looked for as the only way out of a desperate undertaking in building a church from four dollars and forty-one cents, he was employed, and he rendered some good service, although

his subsequent conduct indicated that Satan had managed that providence. He brought two others, who were being supported by the liberality of Mr. William Shoemaker, who had built a house and fed six or eight of his kind, whose chief recommendation to his charity was that they were out of everything except their ability to tell of their wondrous conversions at the Moody meetings, the only fact in their existence worthy of record, as they were all great frauds, and most of them thieves; so the surroundings of the Cross were again brought into painful observation.

The great hinderances in the work were want of faith and want of money, terrific storms which raged almost nightly, and too much advice. The Prince of the power of the air seemed set against it from the first, sweeping down the frail structure at most unexpected times. What had been lifted up in the day would frequently be demolished at night.

At one o'clock one morning, a storm was heard howling, bent on mischief. The chapel was about half boarded in, and the first thought was for it. So, rising, and walking about a mile alone through the storm, the Pastor found the structure hanging, as it seemed, by a nail, and the work of weeks on the brink of ruin. A prop was put under, at great personal peril, in time to save it from utter collapse; and the hours of the night were spent in making it secure against further danger.

Hinderances of almost every kind beset the progress of the work almost to its completion.

There were a marvelous number of wiseacres, prophets of evil, people who would make untiring efforts to convince one that he was a fool; instant in season and out of season, with the faithfulness of "Insurance Agents." These spent every leisure moment in delivering their oracles, and, failing to move the head, they would beset the workmen, persuading them to do the very things they were forbidden to do. The veritable modern representatives of Sanballat and his crowd, who discouraged the hearts of the people, saying that if a fox trot over the newly repaired walls they would fall. There was not a board from foundation to roof which they esteemed fit for its place. The very ground itself was condemned by these prophets of evil, the plans and purposes throughout pronounced impracticable. Tailors, shoe-makers, quack doctors, whitewashers, women, and querulous men, all so well fitted by nature and profession, advised, warned, and prognosticated until the life of the projector was often a burden. But these were not the only people who passed by. Friends came, who had but heard of the daring undertaking, who loved to think of audacious efforts for Christ, and would give words of cheer and a five or ten dollar bill to back them up. Such a friend came by one day when the work was at a stand-still for lumber, and, finding the cause, sent a load to our relief.

The "World's people" always took an interest in the work, and have a large representation in this cause. An old, hard-faced, weather-beaten sailor came by one

day and said, "Mister, be you going to float out a ship from this brick-yard?" Being informed of the nature of our operations, he said, pointing to the remaining brick-kiln, "That is a good accompaniment to a 'hell fire' church. I am orthodox, born orthodox, but a devilish poor Christian; but that little gal's givin' that money kinder touches this old bosom. I had a blessed little tot myself that sailed out from us to the other side, and for her sake I will give you the last 'saw-buck' (ten-dollar bill) I have. I have enough left to get my grog to-night, and we go out to-morrow. You are welcome to it, and if I ever get back to these shores again, I will sail in to see how you are making the trip." The wooden shanty was known as the Free Collegiate Chapel, and was the wonder of the neighborhood. News of it spread throughout city and country. It was one of the marvels of the Centennial to many who had heard the story of the bequest. The secular papers spoke of it often and kindly, and when complete it was about the best advertised venture in the city. The furniture was put in about four o'clock in the morning of the last Sabbath of May, 1876. Several young men of the Alexander Church had wrought with their hands, dug and shoveled, carried timber, driven nails, glazed the windows, painted the walls, and when finished, scrubbed the floor, and put down the matting. The chairs they had painted were put in and such other furniture as they could get, and several of them worked all through Saturday night and Sabbath morning, that it might be

ready for the opening according to advertisement. After this, several of them spent the intervening time until the opening in visiting the families in the neighborhood, inviting them and their children to the services.

The enterprise was an experiment. No one knew that any one outside of those interested would come, but on the Sabbath afternoon of the opening fifty scholars were present; and at the preaching service, immediately after, the house, seventy-six feet by thirty feet, in which were nearly five hundred chairs, was full of people from all parts of the city. The first words of praise uttered were "All hail the power of Jesus name," and the first sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. March, now of Woburn, near Boston. Rev. W. P. White assisted. And from this day until the organization of the church, nearly four years after, a church service was maintained at four o'clock every Sabbath, immediately after the Sabbath-school, to which nearly all the scholars and teachers remained. To aid in keeping the scholars to this service, Sabbath-school books were not given out until after church. The service was religiously kept within an hour, and a choir of the scholars was formed and taught by one of the young men, a teacher in the school. It became one of the standing attractions to many to hear not only the choir but the whole school sing. There is a weakness in our Sabbath-school system in divorcing the Sabbath-school from the Church, which these devices remedied, and unless the present arrangement is changed throughout the Church it will

die in the embrace of its own children. The hours of Sabbath-school are so arranged that most pastors never preach any more to the young. Scholars know more about everybody else in many churches than the pastor. They hear no more preaching. Parents give them over to their Sabbath-school instruction. The superintendent becomes their pastor, and perhaps some silly young man or woman, who never looks at the lesson until he or she audaciously takes up the Bible, gives them all the instruction they ever get. No wonder we have to record fruitless years in the Church and mourn the worldliness and indifference of the young. They have neither home nor pastoral instruction; and the Sabbath-school, the nursery of the Church, is the ruling power. The Church is about in the condition of a family over which the youngsters rule. Experience has convinced us that never has pastoral work been more indispensable or useful, and the Church in the house is more than ever the form in which Christianity in this country must maintain itself. The newspaper and other agencies have encroached upon the pulpit, but nothing but neglect hinders Christ in the home.

Faithfulness and gratitude require us to say that many of the members of the Alexander Church, male and female, wrought to the completion of this work. The Session loved it, worked and prayed for it, and these were the best days the mother-church ever saw when she was returning gratitude to God in laying the foundation of a church to the glory of His name, and it was

with joy that her members used to pray for our chapel and their sons and daughters working in it.

We think it will be interesting to our readers, as well as an act of simple justice to the first toilers, to say a word about them and the service they performed. Henry Lambirth became acting superintendent, and held the position for about five years, and rendered valuable service to both the school and the congregation, which gathered to the afternoon preaching from the beginning.

Charles Thissell was one of the young men who wrought with head, heart, and hands, one of those who pulled and tacked at the matting the Saturday night and Sabbath morning before the dedication. He was one of the factors in the beginning. He became superintendent of the infant school, assisted at first by the wife of the present acting superintendent and Deacon in the Memorial Church, Mr. Yerkes, and afterwards by Miss Lucy Cooper. They were faithful to duty, earnest, patient, and prayerful, and the school grew with encouraging proportions from the day of its opening; and what is more to their credit, they had but little of means or comfort to work on, and never was a school of such proportions carried on with so little money. But Mr. Thissell was skillful in the use of tools, and not afraid of work, and what he could not buy he made, and this tells the story of his success.

In the first months of the history of this work, a tall, dark-visaged man, delicate in appearance, but with an earnest manner and winning face, might have

been seen going from house to house asking for Sabbath-school scholars; and by this interest in the children, working his way into families to instruct parents, exhorting them to the duties childhood demands and parentage enjoins. He had wonderful success in winning whole households to himself, as the man of God. He gathered children into this wooden box, which was, out of respect to the cause, called a chapel. He would stand on the street in front and hail the passing crowd, begging them to come in; and multitudes who never entered any church could find no words of refusal, and would be led in, receive a seat and hymn-book, and then he would go out after more. His motto was that of a Latin father shouted out in dream, "O Lord, yet more, yet more!" Through the week he went through the streets and alleyways, reading the Word to those who would hear, shaking the little hands of the children, whom he never forgot or misnamed, until Deacon McLean became a household word. The sick longed for his coming; the thoughtless waited for him, for it never offended them when he spoke to them upon the subject of religion. He was to many the only link between them and the Church. They believed in him, loved and followed him. This church is indebted to this man as the representative of Christ's mission—"The poor have the Gospel preached to them." He wore away his precious life, but his soul grew brighter and his love for dying men more intense as the night approached when he should lay his armor down. All through 1876

he wrought with unconquerable zeal, as if running before the coming shadows of death. During the succeeding winter he was forced to give up the work he had pursued with such Christlike energy. Finding his strength wasting, he struggled manfully for the opportunities of years already spent. In spite of physicians and loving care, the inevitable crept daily nearer. He and his devoted wife left the city, giving up their home, and started in search of the lost treasure of health, but it was like the flight of the smitten deer with the arrow pierced through its heart, hunting a better place to die.

In a water cure in northern New York, for a whole year it was alternation of hope and despair. He fought against death with the courage of the dying gladiator, not because he feared what it would bring him into, but because he wished to leave his work well done.

After spending some time in Rochester, they went to the Hot Springs, Arkansas, and for some months he kept up the unequal contest. As death gained the mastery over the outward man, his soul grew stronger in resignation, and heaven was coming sensibly nearer. He began to anticipate it, and to talk of it, as one expecting soon to emigrate to a distant shore to better his fortunes consults his map and asks of all who can make it more real by experience.

From here they went to the far north—to Minneapolis. Among strangers he did not remain unknown. Christian people came to cheer, and when they could no longer mitigate, to look on in amazement at the battle

between death and the remnant of life. As one said, he was a marvel to all who witnessed. He lived in the atmosphere of prayer, and no struggle for breath subdued his spirit-life; and when his pursuer stood waiting to strike the last blow, and the physician said it might be days or hours, he said, "It is well. Perhaps I have glorified my Master better in my suffering than in my life."

A very short time before his last conflict, two of the Elders of the Westminster Church, Minneapolis—Messrs. Miller and Monroe—were in his presence, from which they went to the meeting of prayer in the church, where they told the people how near they had been to heaven, for they had followed this already glorified worker to its portals; and one said, "If I could hope to have such a presence of the Master in my last hours, it would brighten all my coming life." In these last struggles of heart and flesh he said, "I am not going out into the dark. It is all light;" and then, lifting his weary eyes heavenward, they remained fixed, and his soul went home sweetly as music goes from the throbbing string.

In February, 1877, there was a remarkable revival in this lonely shanty between two brickyards and over a cellar. Men and women did not care for mud or snow; saint and sinner alike crowded into this place, unattractive in every other respect except that the spirit of God was there. It became in that revival sacred in the eyes of the community, and everybody watched over it and

cared for it. If a storm came, people would walk around to see if any damage had been done to it. The boys, who were ready to destroy everything else that could be pulled apart, rarely injured this. It was sacred to God; no place was ever so dedicated in the reverence of community. People came from all over the city, so that in the congregations were those who worshiped in churches costing hundreds of thousands, but in this place was God present. The weekly prayer-meeting on Friday night, from the first, was a meeting that conducted itself. Informal, while there was a nominal leader, any who wished could give out a hymn or pray as the spirit moved. The meetings were wonderful in life and power; there was the best talking and praying to which we have ever listened. It did not make the slightest difference whether the Pastor was present or not; every duty was done, and all went on without delay or friction. The Spirit of God was the recognized leader in all. The young men would quote passages of Scripture, or read them, and say a few words, often under a stress that would manifest itself in their restrained breathing, that could be heard throughout the house. Sometimes they would fail in their efforts to speak or pray, and sit down in tears, and another would take up the unfinished prayers and finish them. At the close of the services the older members would find the discouraged ones and give them a word of cheer, and at the next meeting they would try it again; thus, through struggle and failure, they are now men of power. Most

of them can lead a meeting to edification, can pray acceptably, and not a few can make addresses that would be appreciated before any audience.

Many of these young men have now entered into the advanced services of the Church as Deacons, and can comfort the poor and afflicted, and preach as well. They conduct meetings wherever there seems to be an opportunity for doing good. The Pastor believes that the Deacon in the New Testament was not only an almoner, but a preacher, the ordained evangelist to prepare the way for the preaching elder, as Philip did for the apostles. With this conception of his duty, he has so charged them in their ordination and installation, and has in his Diaconate had fruits corresponding. Many more of the young men and women, who learned to work in the infancy of this effort, are now teachers in the Sabbath-school, doing missionary work in the neighborhood.

They have been known to scatter in a night five thousand notices of services and invitations, handing one in at each door. Two of these young men are acting superintendents in the Sabbath-school, and another is now preparing to open a morning Sabbath-school. One of the suggestions of the Pastor which seems to have contributed to efficiency in bringing forward the young men, was insisting that the older men should not pray longer than two minutes, to encourage the young ones to try it. First, asking them to pray one minute, and before calling for volunteers, two were asked to

pray, one to follow the other. They were told what to pray for, thinking they could hold out a minute, especially as each had the subject suggested. They were thus in the beginning fed as an old bird feeds her young, until they could rest on their own strength. A company of young men will become the counterpart of the pastor or leader; he will hear his own thoughts; his very spiritual life will be reproduced, if he have any, all unconsciously to those who do it. It is wrought by the power of assimulation; no eye sees the process, but the result is apparent to all.

In October of the year 1877, our skies were overcast. The shadows of its calamities still lie across our history. A terrific storm arose one evening. It was appalling. The elements were in a rage against life. Tornadoes ran away with the fountains of the heavens, and dashed them against all that stood in their way. Trees were uprooted, houses blown down, churches unroofed, bridges undermined and carried away, railroad tracks lifted from their beds. Death rode on the wings of the wind. All through the hours of this dreadful night moanings, as of the dying, were heard, and hearts stood aghast for the tempest-tossed on land and sea. Our friend and benefactor, Wm. J. McElroy, Esq., perished that night, a loved Elder in the Alexander Church, known all over the city for his great abilities and integrity as a lawyer, and as a Christian who walked with God, whose cause ever lay as the nearest thought to his heart. He went beyond the cognizance of sense, to where memory

and hope can alone be the mediums through which we should know him until the Resurrection morn.

On his way home from Stroudsburgh, where he had gone on professional business, as the train that bore him was crossing the culvert over Mill Creek on the Belvidere branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the flood had torn it away, and the car in which he was was swept into the stream, and he, with several others, were lost, their bodies not being found for days. It was a heavy stroke. He was mourned by all who loved this infant mission, for his presence inspired hope, and all knew he had cast his life into its service. He was one of those who could do *well* whatever was to be done about a church. He was a scholar in both the law and Gospel, was a most impressive and winsome talker, ripe in religious truth and its personal experiences; and when occasion called, no more popular preacher ever addressed the people, who loved him for his words, spirit, hopes, and work.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is an interesting part of the history of this work, that God brought into it all the talent of every kind needed. The accompanying sketch was drawn by a young artist from England, who wandered into the chapel, weary, lonely, and oppressed by grief; having met with reverses, he had left his home in England, parting from wife and little ones until fortune should favor him in the New World. *Fortune* was his patron then, but within this humble chapel he found a better word by which to describe the help he needed. He no longer says *fortune*, but *Providence*, for this house was the birth-place of his soul. He is now a teacher in the Sabbath-school, and joins with the saints of God's house in thanks-givings.

The chapel was carried on as a second place of worship for the Alexander Church, though the support came almost entirely from those who worshiped and wrought in the mission. It has been from the first the most remarkable example of unstinted liberality, according to its means, that we have ever known. The members contributed; the school not only supported itself, but contributed every year after the permanent building began to the building fund, until the Sabbath-school alone gave to the building fund one thousand dollars in one year. We have not known a regular worshiper in the years of its existence who has not contributed, in our judgment,

up to his ability—what we can say of no other church in our pastoral experience. The members received here on profession became members of the Alexander Church, and were for three years among the most regular in attendance and in contributions to that church. The services in the chapel were prayer-meetings on Friday nights, entirely conducted by the male members of the congregation, the Pastor taking part if he chose. This was necessary in the fact of their being a dependency, that they should early learn to take care of themselves; and as a result, for five years no prayer-meeting has ever failed for lack of one to lead, or for a sufficient number to speak or pray to make it interesting; and there never were any lean prayer-meetings, not even in dog-days. There have never been any vacations, either in Sabbath-school or church. If a minister should fail then, there are men who could take the pulpit and conduct a service acceptably to the large congregation. This has largely been attained by this necessity of reliance, for the Pastor had to attend to his duties in the mother-church, and this was in a sense a step-child. For four years the Pastor preached three times every Sabbath to keep this growing church alive and onward in its activities, but the best reason for its progress was the abiding presence of the Spirit of God, the great life-giver and teacher. Literally from the mouths of babes He perfected praise. There were young lads in this mission, twelve and fifteen years old, who, when there was need for it, could rise reverently and lead the congregation acceptably in prayer;

and it was a habit for the male scholars of the Sabbath-school to read or recite verses from memory on the subject in consideration in the Friday night meetings. In this they had the best of example and encouragement in the Session of the church. The lamented Elder McElroy frequently occupied the pulpit in the afternoon, and could preach as but few in the ministry. He was instructive and tender, and loved the place and cause. It was the last thing he talked about before he left his home to meet his tragic death. Other members of the Session performed the same offices. Two of the Elders —Wallace and Dickson—entered the school as teachers, and rendered blessed service. Elder Wallace is now a member of the Session of the new organization.

The young people took classes, solicited funds, and did the work of self-denying missionaries for love's sake. Some of them have gone to their reward, others abide in official positions, and some are working in other fields. Among the first marked features of spiritual progress were our adult Bible classes. From the beginning they were attractive to both young and old; hence a Bible class would range in ages from eighteen to seventy. This was much the result of good teaching. The first class formed was under the care of Mr. Thomas Dickson, who taught for Christ; and while he instructed the head, he won the heart. This class numbered fifty or sixty members. The fruits of not more than two years' teaching have entered, by conversion and assimulation, into the very heart of the church. He taught

that Christ and His Church were the Alpha and Omega of a teacher's work; and God's blessing was the amen of heaven on the Divine conception and execution. The next in order of time was one of the strange Providences that direct us we know not whither, but by the unfoldings of our change we learn the meaning of these seeming enigmas of life.

A member of an old down-town church was passing with his little son along the street, hardly knowing why, except to observe the progress of a neighborhood near to which he had become a resident; hearing singing in this strange wooden building, he stopped in, with no thought more than of respectful curiosity. He had been a teacher for years, until the disbanding of his church. He sat down in a class, which had just been formed, with a temporary teacher, little thinking of what a life God had marked out before him, and that in that humble place he was to become the teacher of that class, which was to grow into a congregation of middle-aged and aged people, and that through years he was to lead them heavenward by the teachings of God's Word and Spirit, and to become a Ruling Elder in a church of which this was the doubtful beginning. This class has been like the one spoken of—a harvest-field for Christ. A multitude has come out of it into the profession of faith and the activities of useful Christian life. Some of the first fruits of Elder Ringgold's teaching have been already garnered.

The history of this Church would not be complete,

without a word about the older men and women, leading and giving color to the convictions of the young who are now entering their manhood and womanhood. There was nothing to tempt these into this wooden building but Christ and His yoke and work. Three of the most active Elders of the Alexander Church took up the work at the beginning. One has gone to his rest and reward; one is in St. Paul, Minnesota, and another in the foremost rank in every good work of the present Session. Two of the Deacons—McLean and Shaw—also of the Alexander Church, were with us, one at the beginning and the other soon after, choice men, whose hearts and prayers and labors have added strength to its daily conflicts and victories. Supplemental in character was a company of devout women, who were never so happy as when tired for this mission. We had no dead trees in this nursery. They were men and women of strong convictions, the stronger the better, if they be on the right side. They were not of the class of dry-eyed Christians, who may be of some service in the old churches where Christ and His religion is one huge propriety. Such can do little in the formation of a new Church. These tender-hearted leaders drew the young around them, and won them both by teaching and sympathies.

The revival of religion referred to at the beginning of this Chapter gave us an impulse by which we are impelled to this day. It can be seen everywhere around; even the walls of the building proclaim it. It shaped

our destinies and gave direction to them, created a young heart, from which all that has gone into this history has been the pulsation. Over forty persons, young and old, made profession of faith in the Alexander Church, and became a part of that church, with two places of worship; and from this fact the new place was called "Collegiate." Our spring was full of life and sunshine. But this only brought us into other trials. We learned that we could have no existence in repose. That like "poor Jo," life was to be an everlasting "moving on," and a choice between rest and activity was the alternate between life and death. The Pastor had rested in the contented conviction that after the wooden building was up and paid for, that he was done with the little devisor in heaven, and that he had fulfilled all obligations, and all that remained of duty was to keep up this dependency on the Alexander Church. But God began very soon the revelation that he was not done with the obligation to build a church, and that God, the Attorney for this ward in glory, would not receive a wooden shanty in lieu of a church. It was strange what inspired her to say "a church," instead of a mission, as strange that the trustee should never think that a shanty was not a church. Every movement now set in this direction. It became as audible as God's reminder to Jacob, "Arise and go up to Bethel and build there an altar unto God."

The house became daily too straightened, and we could not grow or even hold our own very long. People will go into a cheap building and endure its discom-

forts for a time while the disk of hope widens, but there must be progress or they will leave; they did not give themselves to a life of this kind of privation, but to an experiment leading to better things; and if any lasting good is to be gained, there must be advance. But in our case it was to run against a seeming impossibility. How could a church be built when the ground on which the building was to be located was not paid for. There was no wealth, no strong ally, to help. It was a zealous band in a temporary building on one corner of a brickyard. Besides, these were the dull, leaden days of our financial crises, and half the churches in the city had been compelled to reduce salaries and expenses, and many could not then make ends meet. The unsolved dilemma of God's will and man's ability was a torment, and continued to be, until the problem was thus reversed, "God's will and ability are practically the same."

CHAPTER IX.

Progress or death were the only words legible of our future, and the summer months gave no indication of which it would be. All was waiting for us to move on; God's method was to reveal itself in our motion. We had nothing but the four dollars and forty-one cents, but this had been sufficient to help us over the necessities of the first building; why should it not over the second? In the perplexity a trifling event, already referred to, determined that progress should mark our course. God not only works in mysterious ways, but by mysterious instruments.

The Pastor stopped one morning in the brickyard to see the proprietors about some little injury done to the chapel, as to how it was done and by whom, and this led to a conversation about our prospects. They were hard-working, poor men, one a Protestant, but not a professing Christian, and the other a Catholic. In the conversation the perplexities of our position were spoken of, and the men showed a surprising interest. They said: "You treated us like a Christian when you purchased the ground, permitting us to stay the second season when you could have driven us away; while we are poor, we want to do something to show our appreciation of this kindness. If you will mark out the size you will have your Church, we will dig the cellar. We can use much of the clay in making brick." This was the first gray

dawn on the night that had hung so darkly between us and hope. The ground was surveyed, and the work proceeded according to promise, without money and without price. But this only brought us into another dilemma. Of what possible service could a hole in the ground 87 x 100 feet be toward the realization of a Church; but having ventured, there was no place to turn back without faltering in duty and personal dishonor. A contract was made to lay the stone in the cellar as fast as we could procure it and pay for the work. The only hope was in having both materials and money donated, for the congregation could do no more than pay the expenses incident to carrying on the mission.

But nobody had any confidence in so desperate an undertaking. The first stone was bought, and the next was donated by a man much denounced by politicians as a fraud; but we learned that political frauds, according to party standards, are often very good men. His generosity to us in those trying times has made us less disposed to measure men by political clamor. Another politician contributed a few cart loads to the cellar; and day by day one and two men wrought, backing up the banks of the hole in the ground to keep them from caving in; and how this was paid for we cannot now recall. It was at the beginning of the summer vacation; only a small amount of work had been done, and it was a question whether the stone layers would not have to stop during the Pastor's absence. But he carried the little box and its

cause with him, and wherever he preached he contrived to get the box, its giver and purpose in as incidentally as possible by way of illustration. During this vacation he began to realize the pathos of the story and its power over the hearts of men. A few years before, while at Saratoga, he had filled an appointment at Kingsboro for a ministerial Brother who was prevented by illness from keeping his engagement. There was not a person in either of the little cities of Kingsboro, Gloversville, or Johnstown whom he had ever seen or heard of before. The journey was a lonely one, and he regretted his consent to Rev. Crocker, to whom the promise had been made. But he was so hospitably entertained at the home of Hon. D. B. Judson, that it soon took all the regrets of the unpropitious journey away. How little we know the significance for life's unpleasant things. This was opening the way three years before for help in the great undertaking into which Providence had driven us. He preached in the morning for the Presbyterian Church at Kingsboro, and for the Congregational Church in Gloversville at night, to large congregations of a people whose religious convictions had been shaped into the mould of a noble benevolence by that noted Pastor, Dr. Yale, whose name is spoken of with reverent lips until this day. The mutual impressions were so favorable that never but once since 1872 has the summer vacation passed without a return to this beautiful valley, preaching alternately for the Presbyterians of Kingsboro and the Congregationalists

and Presbyterians in Gloversville and Johnstown. It is a time when the Pastors are generally away, and by their consent he became a kind of vacation Bishop to the three cities, preaching to great congregations often combined at one of the churches.

The first public effort in behalf of this undertaking was made in Kingsboro. After preaching, the story of the gift was told; the treasure was shown, and to our surprise it broke the hearts of the people. Young and old, thoughtful and thoughtless, were alike in tears. They emptied their pockets, and went home for more. They gave all they could, and wished they could give it all. The poor gave a pittance of their poverty, saying: "None of us are poorer than she who gave her all." Little children came, too, with their offerings; for it had taken hold on their hearts. The gathering amounted to about one hundred dollars, and Elder Judson and family largely increased the amount.

The news reached Gloversville, and invitations came from the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches, asking to hear of the little girl and her treasure and bequest, that they might give, too. The first answer was in the Congregational Church, a church noble in all the elements of Christian life and its beneficent results. The house was crowded to overflowing, up-stairs and down. The congregation at Kingsboro, who had heard it in the morning, were there at night, and heard, and wept, and gave again. The impression it produced was, if anything, deeper than in the Presbyterian Church, and

their gifts were large-hearted and large-minded. The Sabbath-school insisted on giving its part, and the large-hearted superintendent brought up the amount from his own generosity. This amount given by these churches was forwarded, and the work went on to the surprise and delight of all. The next presentation of the subject was in Saratoga, in the First Presbyterian Church. It was simply used as an illustration, and not the occasion of a sermon. Experience proves that direct appeals are always distasteful to many, and cause men to harden themselves from the beginning. Surprises open hearts and pockets. Men love to be led into events that lay hold on their affections. Money was never asked for directly; the purpose was always kept in the background, but the pathos and unselfishness of the act made prominent rather incidentally and for the purpose of illustration of some truth in the sermon. This congregation of men and women, Christians and world's people, pleasure-seekers and livers to pleasure, alike were deeply affected, for the human heart is much the same, and the difference is, that people of the world give more impulsively and quickly than Christians, if they are reached indirectly, hiding the main purpose, which is ever to be an effect of emotion created by the sublimity of the deed itself. Such give liberally. They hunted for the man from one hotel to another, who told about the little girl and her box.

If we dared give names and character, the Christian world would be surprised at the offerings from men and

women who have no ostensible interest in religion, who have their gifts and tears in this church, and who still seek to know of its success.

The people of the world, as they are called, are not altogether to blame for indifference to the needs of Christ's cause. They all have a general interest in it; some dear one has hands on the horns of the altar, and they cling to their vestments. But Christian people too easily take it for granted that to be out of the Church is the same as to be out of all sympathy with it, which is a mischievous mistake, a damage to those whom we would win to Christ and to Christ's cause; our commission is not only, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," but go ye into all the world for the support of the Gospel preached. Giving is a means of grace; it is prayer unto God from the unsaved, and a kind of praying that God does not spurn, as we are told about Cornelius. Prayers and alms are inseparable, coming up before God, and often a worldly man's gifts are the initiatory steps into the kingdom of God; if delicately done, it is the easiest way of approaching a man of the world, ever more ready to give his money than his heart. We do not believe that the young nobleman who came running to Christ was half so much tried by the conditions to "sell all" as by the "follow me."

It is ever easier to get money than hearts, but soliciting help is an admirable way into men's confidence and to get them to tell the story of their lives. Don't ask for it, but let the sunshine of general Chris-

tian life lie over them until they thaw out and tell it all themselves; only listen well and sympathize in all that they have done that is good, and this will be a mighty fulcrum skillfully used, with which, when the secret of their lives is gained, to lift them to Christ. Experience has shown us that there is no better way to reach men for good, who, approached directly, would surely repell those who ask them to give to some reasonable and financially practicable cause. If they refuse, never press it, have confidence in what they say, bid them good-bye without a sign of disappointment or impatience, and the probabilities are they will send it, or give an invitation to call again, regretting that they did not give at first.

Disappointment will increase their discomfort. They expect to be beset and the asker to get fretted; but they find themselves all mistaken in the man or woman, and they feel that they have been left to hold the responsibility. It seems within bounds to say that this course never failed, and men who gave nothing have become contributors at their own solicitation; and what is better, were happy over it, and became, on account of it, Church-goers, and often Christians; for wherever a man puts his money in this world he will be sure to go after his dividends, no matter in what kind of values they are paid. Neither is it worth the trouble to solicit help for any benevolent cause on a falling market; men are depressed, and but few will give away capital even to God. We have always watched the markets to know

when to ask one and another class to give. It is useless to ask the broker or stock-dealer when every value is flat, but when a boom comes, and hope rides on the rising current, then launch out. If the iron men are making money, they will give it; but when it is under price of production, pass them by. Business has much to do with benevolence if you have a cause that has any business sense or probabilities in it, and if you have not, better stay at home. Ask for it in a dignified manner and as briefly as possible; put the main issue as on the assumption that the man asked has some sense and that he can see through you and your cause; don't argue it a minute; don't take his time or behave like a constitutional bore, but as a gentleman doing a work for Christ's sake, of which he is not ashamed, and which he would spurn to do for himself; and above all, don't try to get money by a show of sanctimoniousness; it is no time for odors, no matter if they come out of the broken alabaster box. It is business that brings business to be done in haste and in a business way.

Never complain or be discouraged if you are so. Do not talk it, and never suggest failures. Only fools pitch their money away, like throwing chips into the sun. Leave the long face, if you have one, at home; be courteous and cheerful, and show some interest in the affairs of your fellow-men, and do not dwell too much upon your own. Make your work only one of the countless forms of beneficence, not the hub of the universe, asking to be pushed on by its merits, rather than your description of it.

These are a few practical suggestions which experience has taught, and, as this history is for those in like endeavors, we have given them for what they may be worth, with this unfailing fact that God has money in the world sufficient for every cause His own, and all we need to do to get it is to show that we are competent to manage it, trustful as to the result, and to treat men as if they all intended to do good. Have common sense, and be courteous in every duty and position, and act as if Christ's work always conferred dignity on the worker. As the eccentric Howels of London used to say, "If God should commission two Angels to go to London, one to mop the streets and the other to be Prime Minister, they would not care which would sway the sceptre or be scavenger, so the work was well done and God glorified."

CHAPTER X.

Money enough was secured in vacation, either as a gift or in payment for preaching, to pay for the stone and laying of the cellar walls, but this only provoked scepticism as to the completion. The Pastor was compared to the man in the parable, who laid the foundation and was not able to finish. It was a surprise how many professed Christians are skilled in this thing, and how faithfully they serve the Devil in it.

There is no encouragement to Christian enterprise in them; and when they do move, they ride on the wheels or pull back. There was a grand sufficiency of this thing. Donated objections were as plentiful as autumn leaves after a black frost. The fitness urged by the Scotchman for a place in the eldership is no new phase in human nature. When his presbyterial qualifications were sought, it was said, "Can you pray in public?" "No." "Can you comfort the sick and speak a word to the dying?" "No." "Well, what can you do?" "I can raise an objection." This kind became as thick as bees about a buckwheat field, around the new walled cellar. Some wanted to know what we had toward furthering the church. "Faith and four dollars and forty-one cents," was the reply, which almost always brought a look of pitiable scorn, or a great deal of scorn in a very thin tissue of pity. Some wanted to know why it was so big; they said it could never be filled. The re-

ply was generally, "We are building for the millenium." To others, it was hinted that whatever disaster should befall, they were not likely to be injured, as there was no corporation or trustees, it being in its responsibilities a mere private enterprise of the *Pastor*.

Certain other pious people said it was a shame, for it was only a monument of the Pastor—a great building by which to glorify himself. Others were looking for some vast speculation by which he was to become rich, not being equal to the strain of thinking of any as less selfish than themselves. Some pastors thought that it was an outrage to build up a congregation which was to be only a feeder to the Alexander Church, as if there could be any wickedness in feeding the Alexander Church, or through it, the kingdom of heaven. One of the unsolved mysteries to those who aver that what they are not consulted about is a standing menace, was the fact that the wall of the new structure was built around the one we were using. Such an innovation on the habits of Philadelphia had never been known. The reason had to be given over and over again, before there was submission of mind to the unheard of thing. No one could tell when this church might be done, and to rob ourselves of our shelter would have been suicide. It was a suggestion of necessity, the mother of invention. The cellar was dug all about the wooden chapel, and walled, and then the building was raised a few feet, while the clay was removed from under it; and when the girders and joists were ready to be laid, they were

put in place, and the old building was let down upon the floor of the new, where it stayed, and we worshiped in it until the roof was ready to be put on the new one.

The cellar was done, the money was expended, and we were brought to face with our first enforced delay, which was against us, for we had not reached a point in its progress to inspire confidence, and the human family does not usually give while it can find a reason so apparently valid as delay and possible failure. The next thing to be done was to obtain girders and joists. This was the year after the Centennial exhibition, and the buildings were being removed, furnishing great quantities of material good as new. We learned that one of our citizens, R. J. Dobbins, Esq., had a contract for the removal of a part of the debris, and was bringing it within three squares of us. It was not known that he took any especial interest in churches, and the success of our endeavor to secure aid from him was doubted, but the result was not only successful, but one of the pleasant remembrances in this work. The history was briefly told, the obligation explained, and then we said, "Mr. Dobbins, we know nothing of your religious convictions, but have no doubt that you are interested in the general good to community which the Church and Sabbath-school are doing, and this church has no congregational support. It was an effort to fulfill a child's dying request, and might on this account appeal to every lover of childhood." We knew that this statement was the most likely to gain audience,

for who has not some hidden memory, over which the silent tear will fall as the eye is cast on the veiled picture upon the wall, or who has not some token somewhere, of the little hands that have forgot their cunning, or some loving smile all the brighter in fitful moments of memory, because the face on which it played is seen no more.

He immediately gave an order to the gate-keeper to give what was needed, and what was better, became a friend to the effort until it was crowned with success. We used as much as we supposed the order covered, and after this, needing more, went back, saying, "We have taken as much as conscience will permit, on this order, and have come now to purchase. Thinking that you may not have provided for your funeral services, we would like to strike a trade with you on this basis, giving you the best possible funeral service for lumber, the lumber to be delivered in advance."

The proposition, as was intended, surprised him, and in a good-natured way he turned to his friends, and said, "Good heavens, did you ever hear of such a man. I gave him lumber until his conscience would not allow him to take more, and now he proposes to bury me for the rest." The proposition was immediately changed, and it was proposed, as he did not relish the idea of paying for a funeral service in advance, to give him preaching for lumber, which he readily accepted, and gave another order. In passing down stairs from his office, one of his friends said, "You may think this is a joke, and that he will never call on you for that preaching, but

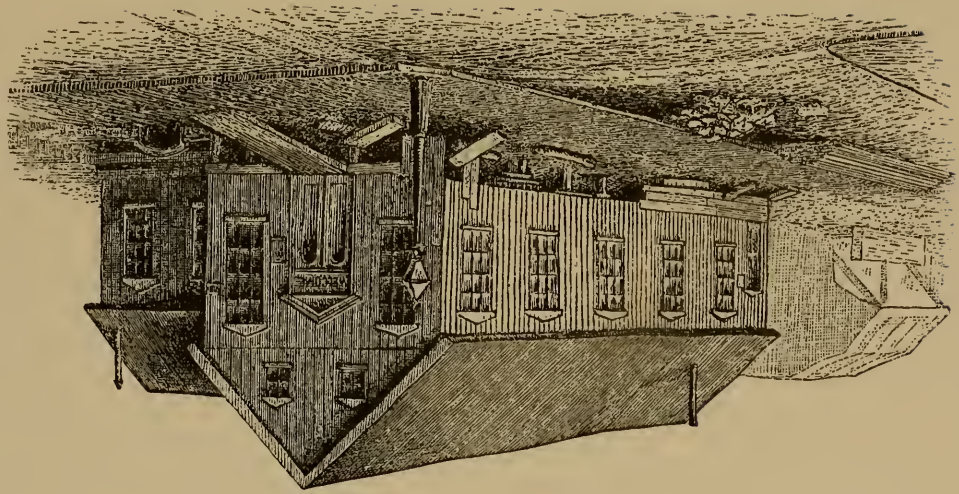
I'll bet that he never yet got trade that he did not use it," which was a prophecy singularly fulfilled. About three months afterward, a note was received from our benefactor, saying, "I want you to come out to Ashbourne next Sabbath and dedicate our church. It was regarded in the light of a joke at first, to get even about the engagement to take preaching for lumber, but calling upon him, it was as he had written. He said, "My wife is an Episcopalian, and I go sometimes, but we have no church in our village, and I heard that a company of young people of the Market Square Church, Germantown, had purchased a building used for a photograph saloon, and had tried somehow to move it to another site, to start a Presbyterian mission Sunday-school, and, as I was coming into the city, I saw that they had upset it in moving it, and were so awkward about it, that I told my men to help put it to its place, when, to my surprise, they told me that it was so badly broken it could not be put up, and I then saw that I was in for it, so I built them a new one, and it will be ready for use next Sunday, and, as they have no preacher, I told them that I had an account with a preacher, who was to give me preaching for lumber. So I invite you to come out and preach," which we did for several times. We do not know whether he considers the account yet settled. But this was the beginning of one of our most promising suburban churches, now preparing to build a handsome house of worship, to which he has promised to contribute liberally.

At the begining of the autumn of 1878, the cellar was dug and walled and paid for. The old wooden building had been raised on jacks above the walls and the clay taken out from under it for the purpose of having the new structure built around it, that it might be used as a place of worship while the outer one, of greater proportions, was being completed.

The following cut is the fac-simile of the place as it appeared. To the amazement of all, the congregation kept up, though winter came on, and they suffered from the cold coming up through the floor, for the underpinning had been taken away, and the boards were loosened by the strain in raising. The spirit of the Lord was in this place, and people gathered to the services from all over the city, and strangers visiting would come to see it as one of the modern curiosities. The Sabbath-school increased, and another dispensation of the Spirit's presence was felt. It could hardly be called a revival, but was a time of unusual blessing; about forty made profession of their faith, so that at the end of the second year there were over one hundred, whose membership was in the Alexander Church, and who considered this lowly tabernacle their birth-place and home. The most of the gatherings were from the young; an incident in connection with one of those who came into the church at that time will give some idea of the spirit prevailing among those young disciples. A little girl who had been deformed by spinal disease, and looked very helpless, made her profession. We could not see that she

was in faith superior to the rest, but none of us knew how soon what faith she had would be put to a crucial test. She was a passenger on the ill-fated Narragansett, from Boston to New York, and in the midst of the terrible consternation she was composed. A gentleman found her in her night dress, on her knees; while all around her were panic-stricken, the most helpless, lonely child was composed. He observed her conduct, and asked who she was, and where from, and who she had to care for her in the dreadful ordeal. Her reply was that she had asked God to take care of her, and she was displaying the composure of one who believed it. He was so impressed with her behavior that he took her, saying, "If there is not another saved from aboard this ship, this child shall be," and swam to the shore with her. Somebody gave her a wrap, and one after another helped her on her lonely way until she arrived safely at home.

The spring brought a troop of adversities that threatened our existence. The United Presbyterian Church, at Fifteenth and Master Streets, only five squares and a half away, had a dissension, beginning with the subject of admitting members of secret societies to communion. Whether for this cause or not we do not know certainly, it culminated in the resignation of the pastor, after whose absence for a year, the disaffected party made an effort to organize a church to be in Presbyterian connection, and to recall the former pastor. They applied to be organized by the Presbytery of Philadelphia



Central, and to be located at the corner of Seventeenth and Jefferson Streets, in which position the rears of the churches would have been less than three squares apart, and this after the Presbytery had appointed the position of our chapel, after a hot contest, because it was a little less than five squares away from the Columbia Avenue Church, by which the Presbytery would have broken over an understanding which had come to be regarded as common law, that its new churches should not be located nearer than five squares to each other, besides breaking faith with our mission, which it had located to be the future position of the present Memorial Church. This new faction came with great promises of wealth, and utterly indifferent as to whether it destroyed us or not. Thousands of dollars were flourished against weakness, as it appeared in their sight. The Pastor of the chapel had given his bond for $14,500 for the ground, not a dollar of which was paid. The cellar was dug and walled, and joists already placed for the present church building—a personal responsibility which would have reduced him to bankruptcy. For having no corporation, no one being willing to share the responsibility of an enterprise so desperate, it was wholly a personal undertaking.

The contest was a severe one, for men are captivated by promises of wealth in connection with church efforts, and to many it was thought wise to receive them, and let us perish if needs be. Others thought that we would be no hinderance to each other. But monied men

have common sense, a quality which preachers do not always comprehend until they run against the jagged fact. Those from whom we had received help and expected more, said if they were located so closely they would abandon our effort. It was the question of personal financial existence and honor with the Pastor, and the extinction of the young church of prayers, self denials, and tears, the covenant church, whose Advocate was in heaven. The resolve was made in the reckless opposition of those who were thrusting themselves into the church with the insolence of wealth, overbearing those already there, that the contest would only be given up when death made it no longer possible. God and His righteousness were bound by truth and covenant to be with us, and God and the feeblest saint make a majority of the whole.

The contest in Presbytery extended over the day and part of the night, and was settled by a compromise that the friends of this mission would agree to the organization proposed, on the condition that they would locate at the corner of Broad and Master Streets, after which this specific agreement was recorded, and they were organized under the title of the Church of the Covenant. In this controversy many of the brethern favored this new church organization, not because they desired to cripple or destroy our work, but were deceived by the reckless promises of a great church coming into existence, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, equipped and helping all the benevolences of the Church at large, and every

other grand endeavor that fevered imaginations could conceive, no part of which loudly-boasted aid was ever given, and the inflated Church of the Covenant flickered out in the same element in which it made its advent—vapor. But this engagement, so solemnly made in order to secure organization, was only a hollow truce. Excuses were made for opening the case at a monthly meeting, on the first of September, when many of the pastors had not returned from their vacation, and others were providentially hindered from being present. The Pastor was not there, and no Elder from the Alexander Church, the sponsor of the mission.

The members had been canvassed, and every possible motive brought to bear to effect a change, and at last a resolution was carried by one vote to let them go to Seventeenth and Jefferson Streets, the old place given up as a matter of solemn compact. It was not even done by a reconsideration of the former action of the Presbytery, nullifying the compromise, which would have looked like parliamentary decency; but by a resolution, and that with a single vote in favor, and in the face of an earnest appeal by Dr. Musgrave and others to defer it until the parties interested could be heard, was this vexatious subject opened up by the same spirit and tactics of this refractory organization, which had come into the Presbytery to oppose the children born in her household. The news reached the Pastor of the Alexander Church by letters from the late Rev. Dr. Wm. O. Johnstone and others, strongly condemning the manner in which it was

done; some of these personally favored the change. But it can hardly be believed that the brethren comprehended the magnitude of the wrong; they were deceived again by the glowing promises and expectations, which vanished beyond even color from this day forward. There was no use fighting the battle again in Presbytery, for if one compromise, which was put in the form of a binding obligation, would not restrict, there was no hope in new ones, for it would have required sentinels to have stood on the watch that the same advantage would not be taken again. A complaint to the Synod was the only remedy that seemed to give hope of relief. It was signed by nearly all the pastors, some of whom were not opposed so much to the action of the Presbytery as the manner of it. It charged the Presbytery with covenant breaking, not offensively, for it was a great trial to the author and signers to say this of brethern in whom they had the highest confidence. It was charged only in an official sense. Of those who took an especial interest in behalf of the complainants was the first signer of the complaint, Rev. Addison Henry, D.D., who made an able plea in the behalf of the suffering cause and people, wronged in the action of the Presbytery. Dr. Ruel Stewart, an Elder in the Alexander Church, made an able and eloquent speech after both the complaining mission and the Presbytery were heard. The Synod, by a majority of one hundred and nine to nine, decided that the complaint was just, and ordered the Presbytery to conform to its action, by which the location of the

Church of the Covenant was settled by agreement, which was faithfully carried out. In this struggle for good faith and existence, and to keep the obligations entered into with the departed child, and the engagement made to generous donors, the Pastor was misrepresented to his detriment in community. He was charged with interfering in the affairs of the Church of the Covenant, by malignant, suspicious and ungovernable tongues, and he now records his denial to all such charges, having never said a word to the owner of the ground at Broad and Jefferson, by which the price was raised. He did not know who owned this property until he heard it in the Presbytery from the representatives of the Church of the Covenant. Among many slanders, one of the Elders had the audacity to state in a report on the floor of Presbytery that the Pastor of the mission had used his influence to deter Dr. Kerr, of New York, their former pastor, from accepting their call; this was strangled in a very summary manner on the floor of Presbytery by the production of a letter from Dr. Kerr, saying that he had never mentioned the subject in his hearing.

Thus the Church of the Covenant has since been dissolved, as might have been expected.

CHAPTER XI.

When the spring came there was not much prospect ahead. The adversities enumerated in the last Chapter had furnished excuses against giving enough for a whole year. There had been so many discouraging rumors started in this Presbyterial contest that it seemed after advantages had been gained this mission would die of exhaustion. Stone was needed to go on with the building, but there was no money, and credit was not desired, for it was the solemn determination and declaration to the world to pay as the work went on.

Weary days and nights were spent in wrestling with the question of the future. Any show of weakness would have crushed hope, for many had their hands behind their ears to hear even the sighs of despair. During one of these troubled nights memory brought the recollection of an immense pile of stone on the banks of the Schuylkill, ten or twelve miles up, which had been observed for years in occasionally passing up and down the railway, without the slightest idea to whom it belonged. God's help was asked that day, as on many another dark day, to make the mission successful in reaching the hearts of men. In the prayer-meeting, the night before, nearly all petitioned for the means to complete this house. Taking the cars in search of the owner of this stone, the quarry was reached, and the men working it were interviewed about it. They said it be-

longed to Sam Prince. Their opinion was asked as to the probability that he would donate it to a poor church. They looked confounded; they had never heard of anything so audacious, and, no doubt, thought that this was a case of mild religious madness. Inquiry was made if he were a church man. "Not much," was the laconic reply. "You don't think he will give that pile away?" "Well, Mister, you had better try him, and you will know." "Where does he live?" "Up on the hill, two miles away." "How do you get up?" "You will have to ride Shank's mare," said one, but another took pains to point out the winding way through the forest. Desperation impelled, rather than hope. Something had to be done. The splendid farm and house, the synonym of the luxury of a country gentleman, was reached. Barns and stables, conservatories, vineyard fruits and pines, inviting enough to all but the church beggar. At the approach the dog growled, and the chickens, as if by instinct, made for the barn yard. The bell was reached and feebly pulled, and then the wish came that he might be away. Heart failed to confront a stranger for such a purpose, whose face and sympathies were unknown. Strangely enough, the gentleman himself came to the door, who, being addressed as Mr. Prince, responded with an invitation to enter, with a gentlemanly cordiality. The conversation was upon general subjects until it seemed that no opportunity would come to tell him the object of the visit. So at last something had to be done; time would permit no

further delay, and a more astonished auditor never listened. As briefly as possible the history of the treasure was told, and the necessities in the case. He asked how much stone was wanted, and it occurred to the Pastor that he might as well ask for much as little; the probabilities were that it would be all one in the end, so he replied, "Seventeen hundred perches," an amount that would have upset many, but it did not seem to disconcert him. He did not say a word, and the Pastor began to move for the door, thinking the light beyond would give relief to one who had gone on a fool's errand. Mr. Prince walked with him to the station, two miles, which impressed that he was either an exceedingly polite man or that he intended to do something for the cause. At parting, he said, "I will send you four hundred perches; you will pay for the loading, and then we will talk about it." He sent stone as long as it was needed, on these terms; and considering the time and stress upon us, it was the most helpful donation given during the progress of the work. But the stone was fifteen miles away, and the freight itself was an item to be overcome. To this end President Gowan, of the Reading Railroad, was called upon, who put this church on the list of the churches on the line of the road, and carried the stone at half rates. The gift was not more grateful than the kindly way in which he received and heard the story of the endeavor, and the interest he took in it, manifested by the most timely help.

The stone donated was only for "backing," or inside

stone. The surface was not yet provided for. One hundred perches of Trenton brown stone were purchased and donated, which the Pennsylvania Railroad delivered at a special price, but little over half rates; besides this they brought two car loads of lumber from the Alleghenies at a nominal rate, the gift of Mr. Henry Shillingford.

These donations put us in motion, but money had to be constantly procured to pay the labor in building. This came oft almost as a continuous miracle. There was no help but prayer; the people engrafted their petitions in their daily prayers that the Pastor might receive money for the week. Sometimes until Saturday afternoon there would be no prospect of money to pay the laborers, and before the day had ended there was enough. No man ever went away without his money, if he wanted it, from the beginning to the finishing of this great building. It was a constant strain on the mind of the Pastor, but God never failed in His engagement from the time, by His providence, He said, "Go forward." Sometimes people would bring it at the last moment. One Saturday night, within a half hour of time to stop work, he was ten dollars short, and in a few minutes a lady passed by and placed twelve dollars in his hands, refusing to give her name. At another time he had been so hardly pressed for money that it was determined to stop work, and the masons were preparing the walls for covering from the storm when a gentleman came by and asked why we were going to stop work, and on hearing the

reason, said, "What a pity to stop in this fine weather; go on for two weeks, and I will foot the bills."

We had friends who were constant in their benefactions, giving from year to year stated sums. Of these we would only be faithful to the memory of the just to mention Mr. Wm. Adamson, one of the noblest men Philadelphia has ever had the honor to claim as her own. His worth had been tested when building the Cohocksink Church, where his gifts reached over one thousand dollars; and when this more dependent work upon the general public began, he poured the gifts and sympathies of his noble nature into it, saying, "At the first of July, come around and I will help you with whatever I have; but don't give up. If you find you can't get on, come at any time." But in the crisis of the struggle, one morning, his heart ceased to beat, and he dropped asleep on his way to his business; it was a sad day for the needy when he closed his eyes on this world. His wife and sons finished his work in our behalf. They asked if the husband-father had made any promises to our church; when told that a Hundred dollars was due soon after his decease, they were ready to meet it, but it was suggested, in lieu of it, that they should put in a memorial window to his name, which was done when the time came for it, and it commemorates the name of a noble Christian man, and is also a testimony to the honor in which a husband and father's word was held by his wife and children.

In these trying days God gave faithful friends, who

not only helped financially, but entered into the services of this young mission. Mr. James Hogg, an Elder in the Cohocksink Church during our pastorate there, and after in the Alexander Church, espoused this work from the beginning, both himself and family coming to the services of prayer and praise on Friday night, and the preaching on Sabbath; his wife also joining with the faithful women workers in all their endeavors. Mr. Hogg's gifts were large. In addition to a superb memorial window, he gave the last five hundred dollars, by which the last farthing of debt upon the church was removed. His son, J. Renwick Hogg, entered at the organization, and serves in the Diaconate. He is also a teacher of one of the Adult Bible Classes, and has been a giver and laborer in all our work since our organization.

The history of this work, when ended, will show alternate lights and shadows. Light would break in only as it seemed to be shrouded again in disappointing darkness. One of our heroic workers, Mr. Warthman, whose faith quickened in crises, met Mr. Thomas Potter, a boyhood friend, and told him of our efforts to build a house of worship, and how it began, and the nature of the obligations, until Mr. Potter became interested, and indicated his purpose to give, asking him to send the Pastor to see him. The request was most gratefully granted, for there was hope in it. He said, during our short interview, that he would give us five thousand dollars if we adhered to our policy to pay as the work

proceeded. The Pastor said, "Mr. Potter, if we put up the building clear of debt, won't you pay for the ground?" upon which was a mortgage of seven thousand dollars, the interest of which often took all the money we could raise, impairing the progress of the building. He said, "I will give you five thousand dollars, and will think on your proposition." A few days after he met his old friend, Mr. Warthman, and said to him, "I promised your Pastor five thousand dollars, and have about made up my mind to make it seven thousand, or pay for the ground." Mr. Warthman was rejoiced, and said, "Mr. Potter, life is uncertain; had you not better put it in the form of written obligation?" He said, "Adam, you know my word is as good as my bond." A short time after he said, "If you will complete the house without debt, I will satisfy the mortgage on the ground.' We said, "Can we use this proposition to raise money?" "Yes," said he, "you may make any use of it you wish."

It was a happy day when this announcement was made. It was uplifting; it inspired confidence in the efforts being made. It was said, If such a man as Thomas Potter espouses their cause, it is all straight, and he will see it through. He became greatly interested in our progress, and frequently, in interviews, expressed his satisfaction in the work. This engagement was used publicly and privately to stimulate to benefactions.

During the vacation, for the summer following, the Pastor traveled, preaching on the Sabbath, giving to the building the money received for supplying pulpits,

and what money the people were prompted to offer. When they heard of the beginning and progress of the work, many gave, saying, "It would be a pity that the $7000 promised to pay for the ground should be lost. But these hopes were short-lived. Though transient, and not to be realized, they were permitted, perhaps, to stimulate in a day of depressions, and carry over the valley of the shadow of despair. Whatever the purpose can not be divined. But when the autumn came, all expectations in this direction were eclipsed, and not a ray has ever yet beamed on the darkness, though a blessed providence called Mr. Stuart into his place to do the work. Having heard that Mr. Potter was ill, the Pastor went to see him, but he was too ill to converse. Thinking, no doubt, about his engagement, he sent word that it was all right, as it would have been if death had not intervened; his only mistake was in having reckoned without this constant factor—death—in all time concerns. He recovered so far as to be able to go to the city, and had a Will in partial completion, in which, without doubt, he would have placed an obligation covering his word, which, while life lasted, was, as he said, as good as his bond, but within another day he had passed quickly and unconsciously to his rest. It was a sad event to all who knew him; it was to those who had built such hopes upon him, but God threw all back on Himself, and taught His people not to rely on man, whose breath is in His nostrils. A correspondence was had about it with his administrator, but it would neither be

profitable nor interesting to give it, and it would all have been gladly passed in silence but for two facts. Mr. Potter intended to do what he said, and inasmuch as he had it in his heart to do it, is worthy of a place in this history; and the other is in vindication of personal honor. Money was raised on this promise, and it is but honest to tell the contributors why this seven thousand dollars does not appear in the account.

Traveling beyond the boundaries of our own country into Canada, where the child's bequest touched foreign hearts as quickly as those of our own countrymen. Sorrow and love are not bounded by rivers and lakes. In Ottawa the Pastor preached in the two largest Presbyterian Churches, and kind responses came from both. It was during the hardest times in this city, on account of the depression of the lumber interests, and it was thought that lumber to finish the church could be brought from this place to Philadelphia, and a large quantity was generously donated by the mills, but it was found impracticable to ship it after it was given, but it is to their credit that it was in their hearts to give it. Our kinsman, Alexander Mutchmore, a wholesale dry goods merchant, and his family, gave time and money, and introduced the subject to friends, who were like-minded. The Elders of the Second Church, Ottawa, planned a fishing excursion, north to the lakes, from which the Gattineau is a large tributary to the Ottawa River. It was a journey never to be forgotten on account of its surpassing

mountain beauties. One hundred miles north, into the stillness of a forest, where only the solitary note of, here and there, a bird could be heard, and the shadow of the eagle crossed your path; where the Indian was the native, though the lumbermen had taken possession long enough to denude the mountains and valleys of their lordly pines. The bears held possession, and would venture uncomfortably near cabin and tent. In these solitudes were spent as happy days as ever beamed on existence. The tourists had bark canoes, and Indians to carry them over the falls that brought the waters of one lake into another, and Indians to cook for them and row their barks.

Some of these lakes, about thirty in number, and from five to thirty miles long, lie imprisoned by mountains, the tops of which seemed to be at the bottom of the crystal waters, in which the fish could be seen in their schools, while split fragments of mountains rose in islands from their bosoms; and what surprised us most, the sea gulls were there in great numbers. Why, at first we could not conceive, but found that they were there for the sake of their young, which they rear here, far beyond danger and temptation, and when they have given them the needed parental culture and care they send them out into the dangers of seafaring life. This is the instinct of fatherhood and motherhood. The animals seem, sometimes, to us, to have brought it down from before the time when man sinned in the world, and the

consequences of the fall have never diverted them from the duties of parentage. We learned this much of duty amid the solitudes of nature, by a new class of preachers, and have lived to give new motives and zest to parents to rear their children where temptation can not assail them until moral principle has been planted and cultivated, until good will, at least, have an equal start with evil in the race of life. But in the bosom of these solitudes another surprise started up into our observation. We never thought that God had help for the work so far away in this wilderness. One day when out with the Indian boatman, happening to take the tin box from our pocket, in which were the coins, the Indian said, "Tobac," thinking it was a tobacco-box. We were at his mercy, and felt constrained to explain. If he should see the money, he might want this too; so the story of the box was told in the simplest manner possible, but he understood more English than he could speak, and soon he dropped his oar and fishing line, and opened his mouth in wonder. He asked that it be told again, and the tears ran down over his cheeks, when he said, "Me no thief; me not want your money; me Christian, me Catholic; me pray the Holy Virgin; me pray Jesus; me give you money;" and taking from his bosom his tobacco bag, and from it a little purse, he drew out a shilling, and looking up into the sky, he said, "Me pray for your little girl's church."

Several thousand dollars have been received at one

time for this work, but no gift ever touched deepest sympathies as this one, away in the lonely north, under the blue sky, and on the blue lake, when the soul of this child of nature broke out in the confession of his faith, and confirmed it by his sacrifice in doing what he could.

CHAPTER XII.

THE autumn brought prospects, anxieties, and disappointments. The stone work was about half completed when it was found that the old wooden chapel would have to be taken out in order to get in the girders and other necessary supports. A section of the permanent building was prepared. A felt roof was put on the second floor, and one coat of plaster was put upon the walls, and then farewell sermons, and prayers, and hymns were uttered over the tabernacle that had so often beheld the glory of God, and in which so many had been born to Christ. The last Sabbath it was occupied, one side was almost out of it. But the shell was full, and a strange pathos possessed the audience as they sang the last hymns, and thanked God for His wonderful mercies during nearly two years of abiding under this shelter. The meeting was given up to the audience to carry through as the spirit moved them; and there were speeches, prayers, and memories uttered that will never be lost.

The new place was never equal to the old. The first day it was occupied the plastering dripped with moisture. Why the people did not die from damp and cold could never be understood. It always leaked; and often the matting was saturated on which the congregation sat; and if a storm came at the last of the week, all hearts beat with fear. As the stone work neared com-

pletion, and a south gable was almost done, it was left in its green state, without sufficient propping, to encounter one of the severest storms ever known in Philadelphia; and forty tons of it fell, crushing twenty feet of our new place of worship into fragments. Chairs, windows, books, joists, and floors were a mass of ruin. That was a dark day, without a cent in the treasury, to have to go over the work again; but the conviction did not falter that it was God's work, and must be carried on. The howl of persecution set in; the whole building was reproached because a fragment had fallen in a tornado. Instead of help and comfort from many professed Christians, we were denounced as fools. But this had been encountered before, and while it exasperated, it raised determination to a white heat. When the Cohocksink Church was being erected, a like storm caught it partially roofed, and put it in great peril, and the usual descendents of Sanballat were on hand, and the hearts of the people wavered. One of the members, strong-hearted and big-fisted G. W. Swartz, clenched his hands and said, in the face of the perils, "We will live to make sinners tremble in this house yet." These now became the rallying sentiments, and within ten days all was right again. The young men came and delved into the stone and mortar, and cleared away the rubbish, and some carpenters volunteered, and those who could not work in the day, because of other engagements, wrought at night; the boys ran on errands, held lamps, or anything else possible, and it was finished

in shouts of triumph; and it is not certain that there was not some derision, more pointed than pleasant, at the false prophets who laid burdens on us in our adversities. God did not despise our efforts, for the winter was one of blessed memories. The Sabbath-school crowded every corner, the congregations were large on the Sabbaths, the Friday night meetings were precious, and large numbers of converted sinners were added to the church.

Thunder and lightning, Satan and hell, can't hurt a church animated by the Spirit of God, and cheered and strengthened in the conversion of souls. Except in the spiritual work of the church and its enjoyments, there was not much comfort in this temporary arrangement. The roof would leak if enough of either snow or water to get through would fall or melt. Sometimes on Saturday nights, and even Sabbath, a half dozen men would have to get upon the roof and turn the water by every possibility of ingenuity. One Saturday night could not be left out of this history, for it will show the spirit of the young men in this mission, and reveal the secret of much of its power. It was raining torrents on a bed of snow, the water was streaming through into the place of worship below, and there was no relief but in going on the roof at ten o'clock at night, in the darkness of a drenching storm, and shoveling the snow from it. The Pastor and a company of young men, ever ready to go with him, took lanterns, which were blown out almost as fast as they could be lighted, but they pushed on in the work for two

hours. Some of the young men went to a neighboring brickyard and got buckets of mud, and stopped the leakages with their own hands, and when the work was over were drenched.

The names of these heroes were William Shaw, now a Deacon in the church; Julius McClure; William McCutcheon, now superintendent of the Primary school, and a Deacon in the church; Walter Shaw, one of the assistants in the Primary school; and Horace Patton, now gone to his rest, about whom we shall have more to say in the future. These, and other young men, were ready to do any drudgery; it was not even self-denial. They took care of the places of worship, doing the sexton's work when there was no money. Mr. Isaac Purcell's name belongs to the list. He and William Shaw made the plans and assisted in the practical work of directing the building until its completion.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE stone work was nearly completed by the first of January, and the great problem was how to secure the roof. It would be an immense roof, of difficult construction, requiring nearly forty thousand feet of planed timber; and the work required was almost appalling. There was no money and no prospect. There were three old men, who had wrought for months as carpenters; they were needy, in the midst of one of the hardest winters of the financial crisis. They were members of the Presbyterian Church; but the churches to which they belonged were poor, and unable to help them if starvation should grin at their doors. The last day of December went out in a snow storm, during which all the men were discharged, having barely enough to pay them, and when work should again begin was a problem, the solution of which was with God. They parted from us sadly. There would be no greetings of Happy New Year in their homes, for there was no work; a thousand carpenters could have been employed for one dollar a day, and even this would not have tempted men to build.

The watch-night service has always been observed from eleven o'clock until the entering of the new year, and it has been, personally, a profitable season. But it was not so on this occasion, because disturbed by the sad faces of the men discharged in the storm,

with no hope of bread for the future. The prayers, like Pharaoh's chariots at the Red Sea, drove heavily on their axles. When the new year came, many of our members said, "You do not seem happy; what is the matter?" The shadows of those faces that lay across the soul could not be explained. The Pastor went home and laid down to rest, but it was a rest startled by visions. He was aroused by what seemed an Angel voice saying, "Go to William Hogg, and he will put the roof on the church." This was a surprise for two reasons. First, because the pastor had never been in the habit, even in childhood, of dreaming, and the other was that he had not seen or thought of Mr. Hogg for a long time. He had been a parishoner in the Cohocksink Church, but the Pastor had been away from it for years.

The dream so impressed him that the Pastor arose, lighted the gas, looked at the time, and found it to be half-past one. He retired, trying to think no more about it; but the same impression deepened, "Go to William Hogg, and he will put the roof on the church." He again arose, looked at the time, and it was five minutes to two o'clock. He then sat down and wrote Mr. Hogg all that had transpired, and the necessities of the case, in which were the hardships of the men discharged. Mr. Hogg received the letter during the time of the family gathering on New Year's day. His brother saw him open it and read a part, and from his manner he inferred that he was not pleased; he put it in his pocket, remarking that it was from his former pastor. Soon

after he came to the office of the *Presbyterian* and said he wanted a private interview. The Pastor was half nervous lest he might be angry at the freedom he had taken, but he was determined to vindicate the act as being the voice of God. Mr. H. said, "You wrote me a letter." "Yes," was the reply, "It was, as I believe, the will of God." He said, "I believe you are the best friend I have," and while the tears were coursing their way down his cheeks he said, "I want you to pray for me." And there in a fireless room, in the dead of winter, without a single article of furniture in it, the Pastor dropped on his knees, and, obeying his request, prayed for him; and when he had risen Mr. Hogg said, "I have resolved to give you the money to put on your church roof." "But," said he, "everybody that promises you money and don't pay it instantly, dies," referring to the death of Mr. Potter and others already mentioned, "And, as I don't want your church roof to kill me, I will give you a check now," which he did, and they parted, the Pastor promising to pray for him.

This was not all. He gave afterward, and had promised further help during his last illness. His gift was the most timely of all, for the last day of that year was passed hard to the coast line of despair; and now that he has gone to eternity it is but a poor requital to open up a bright spot, which his modesty would forever have hidden. Our heavens cleared up, and timber was bought, and a contribution secured in the purchase from Mr. Joseph Gillingham, and the distressed men were

back to work, and bread secured for their needy families.

Everything worked in our favor. This help had increased the enthusiasm of our people, and it had inspired confidence in the community, that, now as the walls were up and the roof in progress, it would be a success. It was all spring sunshine; though the toil increased, our spiritual condition was good, the people had come more and more to believe in the efficacy of prayer, and their petitions became the means of finishing the church, and that God would bless all that had given and were giving, was a constant quantity in both home and public worship.

During this summer the shadow of disappointment crossed our pathway again. Mr. Joseph Singerly had promised one thousand dollars to this work. He had a lively interest in church building, and had given aid to the Pastor in the building of the Cohocksink Church, and it was not hard to reach his heart again. It was regarded as at the disposal of the Pastor at any moment, and he kept it back for some desperate straight, or he might have had it, but Mr. Singerly was too quickly cut down in death, and as it had been because of the Pastor's own delay that it was not paid, he said nothing about it to his heirs. But God's way was soon revealed; the resources had become exhausted, and we were again reduced to prayer as a last resort. On the Friday night meeting, after God had been asked to help us, Mr. Warthman arose and put in the Pastor's hand a check

for five hundred dollars, from the son, William M. Singerly. So out of one apparent loss a new fountain of supplies had been opened, and this worthy son continued to give until it aggregated more than a thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XIV.

The summer was well on, and the Pastor had been invited to Canada again, to preach the discourse upon the occasion of the dedication of the church of the Rev. John Smith, of Toronto. He stopped by the way at Rochester, and preached for Dr. George Patton, whose family and church contributed to the fund, and started hope again upon its mission.

Canada Presbyterians are conscientious in their giving, but are as easily reached through their affections as our own people, and, according to their means, more liberal. This new church, in Toronto, had been built at a great sacrifice; a beautiful structure, beyond the apparent ability of the congregation, but with a heroism that shows the sublimity of the religion of Jesus Christ, they had carried it on to completion; and dedication day a great effort was made to finish it, and they were not wanting in the crisis. But what is more surprising, they contributed to our work as well, revealing the oft patent fact, that it is they who are staggering under their burdens who are most conscientious in all the benevolences of Christ's cause.

From here the way was down the St. Lawrence, that wonderful watery thread that God has stretched as the boundary between two nations, alike in heart and hopes, though widely separated in manner and habits of thought. On the way was encountered a company of

fast men; the ringleader was from Chicago, though by birth a German. They were playing cards and drinking most of the way, profane and boisterous. It was difficult to make up sets for their games, for to the honor of the crowd, few cared to join a group so reckless. In looking around they had passed the Pastor several times, but at last the ringleader ventured to ask if he would join in their sport. The invitation was respectfully declined. But he was not disposed to let the subject go, and began to argue the case, using occasionally a profane word, to which the reply was, "Friend, are you a Christian?" "No," said he, "I have a contempt for the whole thing; why did you ask me, do I look like one?" "Not particularly, but we have always thought that a gentleman must be, as far as this goes, a Christian, for in the New Testament it is required of Christians to be courteous, to be hospitable, kind to strangers, and there is not on record an example of urbanity that compares with Paul's speech before Agrippa." "Well," said he, "If you mean by Christianity to be a gentleman, and to do as you would be done by, I suppose I am a Christian, for I have always aimed at this, but I don't believe in any of your narrow, bigoted notions, your Puritanism, that cants and snivels; I despise it." "So do I," was the reply. "Well, Mister, you're my kind." "No, don't say this until you hear me through. I did not say to be a gentleman is all of Christianity; but if a man is a gentleman, he received his ideas for his conduct in his relations to others from Christianity." "Do you think so?"

said he. "I thought this came from good breeding, and from the advantages of society." "This can not be," was the reply; "for have you not seen among the humblest and most obscure men, acts of nobility that would have put to shame the conventionalities of society?" "Yes," said he, "I have; there is the place to find sincerity." "How, then, can they be gentlemen, according to your idea. Don't you see that your definition pertains to the effect, rather than the cause?" He was silent. "Another reason which led me to ask you if you were a Christian was the familiar use you made of the name of the Christian's God; I knew you were not a heathen." "Now, Mister, don't get into cant," said he, "You are getting too pious." "No, I am not saying this to rebuke you, but giving my impressions. You must have been made familiar with the name and character of God in your childhood; you, no doubt, had Christian parents, either Protestant or Catholic; no difference as to that, none other train their children to know so much as you. I heard you say, 'By Christ;' you must have learned that name in your childhood." "Oh, I don't believe in churches," said he; "I am a free-thinker. We Germans don't believe such stuff." "Then why don't you drop the names and ways of Christianity. If I believed in nothing, I would not use the vernacular of Christianity." "Say, Mister, will you join us in our game? the fellows are waiting. I must either go to them, or call them here to your preaching." "Well, you bring them here, and

let's have a free and easy chat; I don't know how to play cards." Said he, "You ought to learn, for you would make a 'corner' every time;" as you say you don't know about cards, I will use commercial phrase." He signed to his companions, and three of them came. Said he, "Here is a man who has the queerest notions on religion I have heard yet. If he is right, there is a chance for us. He says if a man is a gentleman he is half a Christian. I never thought there was so much common sense in the thing; go on and let us hear some more about it. What is the name of your sect?" "I am a Presbyterian." "Good heavens! the worst of them all—let's go." "No," I said, "That is not fair, you have already said you liked my ideas about a gentleman being a Christian; as far as that goes, I am going to treat you as a gentleman, and I know you were born in a Christian family, and candor is a Christian grace. You men tell me all about your parents and childhood." "Mister," said he, "That is a sore point with me; I don't like to think of it, but as you say candor is a Christian grace, I might as well go that far. My father and mother were Lutherans, and my mother was one of the best out of heaven. She did not stay long with me; I was the youngest, and she died when I was twelve years old. I can remember her now, praying for me and teaching me; that was a dark day when we carried her to the 'Kirche,' and buried her by it." And here he grew silent, and the silence gave an opportunity to ask if he did not believe that she was better

for her Christianity. "Oh yes," said he, "but I have never found one like her; it was the natural goodness of her heart." "But she never told you that." "No, she said she got help from God." "Why don't you believe her? don't you think that she would know as much about it as you? Well, then, how did you get on after her death?" "I was put in what they called an orphanage, a place where prayers and the cudgel meant the same; the more they would pray, the harder they would beat." "And this is what has set you against your mother's religion?" "Well, yes." "Well, which is worthy of the most confidence, the selfish and cruel managers of an orphanage, or the Christian people who cared for the orphan neglected by the world, and hoped that their gifts after they were dead might be a blessing to poor, homeless children, and were deceived? Were you never deceived by others when you wanted to do right? And now be honest, and tell me if you know of an orphanage or asylum for the neglected, which the haters of religion ever built. You are an intelligent man, do you know of one?" "No." "Well, then, why don't you do justice to even the imperfect efforts that Christian men and women are making, when they are the only ones doing anything practical for humanity. Hating the best thing we have is not wise, or even humane. If you will listen to me I will tell you a story of a little girl whose soul was set by Christianity to help the needy and neglected." The story was repeated with as much pathos as possible, and when it was finished he

was asked if he thought his notion of life would produce anything like that? He said, he feared not. "Have you children?" And this opened a grave before him without intending it. His only daughter had died in his arms; and, said he, "This was the hardest of all: My wife, who professes to be a Christian, can bear it, and says the Lord did it for the best, but I don't think so; I can't forgive God." "You and your wife have different ideas; which do you believe is the best in the sorrows of life?" "Oh, my wife's way is the best, but I can't come into it." Turning to his companions, he said, "Let's chip in and give this man something for his church. He is not one of those canting fools; he talks common sense. And I want him to stop talking to me, or I will make a fool of myself." They each gave nve dollars, and wished that they might have been able to make it more. "And now, Mister, tell us what you are, a lawyer, I suppose; you are too sharp to be a preacher." "Just dumb enough to be a Presbyterian preacher," was the reply. "Well, do those straight-laced fellows have anything to do with common-sense men like you, who talk to such sinners as me? We guess that you are a kind of bushwhacker in your profession, making your living at something else, going around knocking down the loose ones just for pastime." "No, a regular in the ranks." "Then why do you wear store clothes like other sinners. If you had been in preacher clothes we would not have troubled you; and," said the ringleader, "I would not have asked you to

take a hand." "This is the very reason we don't. The Lord did not dress differently from those with whom He associated, and He was the friend of publicans and sinners. To put on preachers' clothes is like belling a rat; every other rat within a mile will run away from him."

CHAPTER XV.

THE journey to Montreal was in compliance with an engagement to occupy the pulpit of Dr. Jenkins for several weeks. The weather was intolerably warm during the day, and having sweltered in a heavy black gown through several Sabbaths, the sexton, on the one following, thought he would make it a little more comfortable, so he said, "You may take off your coat and vest, and I will put the gown on without the sleeved jacket." His plans were accepted in good faith, but the amazement of the congregation, and the half-suppressed smiles, and even titters from the usually solemn and devout, revealed to the wearer that every time the arms were lifted the gown dropped back, exposing shirt sleeves and suspenders, and these without possibility of covering retreat. Gesticulation was suppressed that day, and the preacher, too, for that matter, wishing to be able to charter an auger hole for at least a fortnight.

The sensations experienced on this occasion were similar to those of a classmate in College, who, at a large and fashionable entertainment, had received his oyster-soup in a bowl, and that on a plate upon a napkin. An awkward waiter ran against him, spilling its contents over his best clothes, throwing the bowl and fixtures on the carpet. He said not a word in his first consternation, but partially recovering himself, threw up his hands,

exclaiming, "I wish I were dead!" The exhibiting of the shirt was not all of the calamity that befell the Pastor in his consternation. In leading the people in the Lord's prayer, he broke down, and the congregation had to finish it as best they could. This, too, was the day when the story of the box was fitted into the sermon as its chief and most effective illustration, but the pathos had gone out before the vision of the white shirt and suspenders, and when the amen of the Benediction was over, he stole back into the vestry, as a whipped spaniel to his kennel, mad at the sexton, disgusted at Canada and himself. And when humility comes, God helps. The Beadle came, bringing an Englishman to be introduced, whose face was livid, fringed with thin, white whiskers, but within was a great English heart. He spoke well of the sermon, and said he had come to ask more about the little girl, and to see and handle the box of coins, that he might tell it to the children of the parish when he went home; and as he handled and heard, the tears started in his eyes, as he said, "Wonderful." He took from his purse two sovereigns, and said, "Old England must be represented in this church, and don't forget that there will be British hearts praying for your success." Then as he turned away, he said, "What kind of fashion is this you have in America of putting a gown on over a shirt? Upon my word, sir, if the sermon had not been good, the people would have lost their reverence altogether." Many of the church contributed, the Beadle with the rest, and what was better, he gathered the

offerings together and sent them, and he was not only forgiven, but blessed. While on this northern journey, the leadings of Providence were into a comparatively obscure place, where there was a Presbyterian Church, in which were several Scotch families, the genuine in faith, and knowledge, and love of the traditions of their fathers, and simplicity of life. Some of these lived on the highlands, and kept flocks of sheep, as in the fatherland. A lad belonging to one of these heard the story of the box and the church, and it took hold of his young heart. He could have said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I." He asked if his pet lamb would be received toward the accomplishment of the work. The reply was, "Yes," with little thought that anything further would come of it, supposing it to be only a child's whim. But early on Monday morning he was down from the hills with an older brother, leading the lamb by a string, ready to deliver it according to promise. It was his all. He had rescued it from death in the snow, had brought it into the house and warmed and fed it into life, watched over it until now it was more than six months old. He will stand the peer of the one who gave all, or the other, who "Did what she could."

The heart of the host was touched by the behavior of this boy. Though having given liberally himself, he said, "My lad, how much is your lamb worth?" "Father said it was a Southdown, and was worth six dollars." "Then," said he, "I will pay six dollars for you, and you can take your lamb home, and this will teach you

the meaning of the redemption of the Lord Jesus Christ, who purchased us, not with silver and gold, but with His own blood." This was not the only gift of a lamb; the little son of Hon. D. B. Judson, of Kingsboro, N. Y., whose heart was touched in the same way, gave his also, the equivalent of which was given by his father.

CHAPTER XVI.

SARATOGA is a place, in the minds of many, full of evil, and given over to pleasure and frivolity. But there is no watering place where there is more genuine piety and more of double-handed liberality. In no place of the kind, in this country, do so many people go to church, and go expecting to be called upon to give, for the Saratoga churches are chronically impecunious, as are almost all churches so situated. The congregations which have to support them nine months in the year are weak; besides, they have to build larger churches than their own needs demand, to provide for the guests in summer, and whether needy or not, they always lay hold on the guests, and with equitable claims, since they turn these places of worship over to the strangers during the summer.

The Presbyterian Church was in debt twelve thousand dollars, and in danger of losing its elegant place of worship, as the Congregationalists had done that year. Great efforts had been made by its Pastor, Rev. Dr. Stryker, to lift this dangerous debt, but in vain.

While in Saratoga, this subject came into conversation with Rev. Dr. Roberts, of Elizabeth, N. J., while on the veranda of the United States Hotel. He said, "Why don't you ask Alexander and Robert Stuart to help you?" The reply was, "We don't know Mr. Alexander Stuart, and have only a slight acquaintance with Mr. Robert Stuart." "No matter,"

said he, "They are men of large means and heart, and are interested in church building. There is Alexander at the end of the veranda; I will introduce you." He did so, and it was one of the surprises of life, for he was so strangely different from what he had been imagined to be. A small man, but little else than skin and bones, asthmatic, and tugging at a stramonium segar for breath, dry and abrupt in manner, but lurking in those small eyes was a world of sharp wit, and constant flashes of humor. He was one of the shrewdest of men—few could equal him in repartee—and he was as angular as sharp. Woe unto the man who did not impress him favorably, if any benefaction was wanted. But he was the kindliest of men at heart. He would test those who approached him for money, until he knew their metal. The time was spent pleasantly, but no reference was made to the work in hand, the conviction being early formed that if anything could be done, it must be done by judicious indirection.

The next day he sent his servant to the hotel where the Pastor was, with a letter from Dr. Stryker, of Saratoga, asking help from the Stuart brothers, toward the extinguishment of the debt on the Presbyterian Church. The messenger said, "Mr. Stuart's compliments; he wishes you to read this letter and tell him how many snakes there are in it." It was a confounding request. The reply was, "Tell Mr. Stuart that Dr. Stryker is well known, being a neighbor in Philadelphia, and he would not intentionally make a mistake; that some of the things that Mr. Stuart does not understand are explain-

able, but it would take too much time now to make them clear in writing." The servant came back with an invitation to go to drive at four o'clock, which was accepted, and immediately the work of investigating the affairs of the Saratoga Church was begun, to be ready to answer his inquiry in the afternoon.

It was an impression upon the mind of the Pastor that if he could be persuaded to give to the Saratoga Church in its perils, the necessities of the new effort would come after. So the plan adopted as best suited to the man was to work beyond self, and not to mention the chapel in Philadelphia except in the most incidental way, or, if possible, to get him to ask about it. The subject of the debt of the church in Saratoga came up according to agreement. He had conceived the idea that there had been deception in its management. The Messrs. Stuart had given liberally when it was completed, in the impression that it would be clear of debt; and this enormous debt was both surprising and irritating, and he had made up his mind that he would not give a dollar. But there were mitigating facts of which he knew nothing. After the subscriptions were taken to pay for this church, that part of this congregation afterward organized into a Congregationalist Church withdrew, and their subscriptions were lost, making a deficit for which the church could not be blamed. Other facts were given in their behalf, but none of them moved him. He said he would rather contribute to a new building for the strangers

alone. The cost was quickly set before him, and that it could not be done for less than fifty thousand dollars, while the church in our hands was worth more. Six thousand dollars being contributed from outside, the congregation would raise the other six thousand dollars, and at least fifty thousand dollars would be saved. He asked, "Where did you get your business sense? Preachers have no common sense; you seem to understand business. I guess you must be a poor preacher. The two don't go together." The reply was, what little knowledge possessed was gained in building churches and begging the money, and that it is easier to save the money than to beg it. "What churches have you built?" His question being answered about the time and places, this brought the long desired occasion to tell it all. He asked, "What are you doing now?" The story was told incidentally, half indifferently, as if it were a matter of little consequence. But he would interrupt and ask particulars; the box was shown at his request; he looked at it and asked how many coins were in it, and how far the work had progressed. The reply was, "The roof is on." "How big is it? What kind of stone? One or two stories?" "It was built two stories. First, because it saves ground; second, because it will be above the noise of the street; third, because light and air are unobstructed, and because the young make the largest part of any church, and they need as much room for Sabbath-school purposes, etc., as the regular congregation." "How many scholars have you?" He was told the number,

and that one half of them could repeat the Shorter Catechism. "What!" said he. The statement was repeated, to which he said, "Uncommon."

No more was said, and other matters engaged our thought. It was not possible even to guess whether he cared anything about it. But the grist had been put in, and it was his place to do the grinding. Before night his servant appeared again, bringing the request of Mr. Stuart that the box and its possessor would be in his parlor to tell the history to some lady friends he had invited to be present, the central figure being Mrs. Robert Stuart. Here the story was told, and every possible fact brought out, in which they all seemed to be interested. During the evening the subject of the Saratoga Church was pressed, appealing to his loyality to the great Church and its head, who would suffer if Presbyterianism should have no house of worship in Saratoga. Before leaving, he said he would give the subject attention, which he did. He and his brother, and others of their friends, lifted the church from its embarrassments during the following autumn.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE autumn and winter following were full of events, mostly prosperous. The women of the mission had interested their friends in other churches in a fair, which was held in October. The toil and self-denials of these women for this work, from the beginning, can not be adequately recorded. It is the regret of this history that names can not be given, for there are too many of them, but their sacrifices extended to their homes and wardrobes. They are more than the peers of the women of Moses' time, who brought their looking-glasses; these gave not only ornaments, but necessaries.

This fair was carried on, above reproach, for a week. There was no sharp practice, no post-office shams, no chancing, no deceptions; their goods were sold at fair value, and netted sixteen hundred dollars. The North Presbyterian Church wrought nobly, and have a memorial of their work in an elegant stained-glass window, twelve by twenty-nine feet, in remembrance of the deceased son of their pastor, Rev. B. L. Agnew, D D.

Many of the Alexander, the mother church, wrought also with enthusiasm to the completion of this work. One of the windows of the new structure, twelve by twenty-nine feet, bears testimony to their share in the struggle and victory. The inscription upon it is to the departed workers in the Sabbath-school of the Alexander Church, and was secured through the efforts and benefi-

cence, largely, of Dr. Ruel Stewart, the superintendent of the Sabbath-school.

Another beautiful window, over the pulpit, was presented by a worthy member of this church, in memory her father, Jeremiah Kershaw, a well-known elder and an active Christian in New Jersey. Two others, Mr. Adamson's and Mr. Hogg's, have been referred to before.

The last window, twenty by thirty-two feet, has a history both of the living and dead. It is commemorative of the departed sons of Franklin Baker. This young father was a careless young man on everything pertaining to religion. When the Pastor was engaged with his people in the erection of the Cohocksink Church, he was one of a company of young men who disturbed the afternoon session of the Sabbath-school in ball-playing on a vacant lot near the rear of the church, when it became a question whether the church authorities would not secure their arrest. But better counsels prevailed, and one of the members of the church went out and invited them into the school. A part of them came, among them this young man; he soon gave his life to Christ, and has been in His service since. He identified himself early with the mission, and has been a worker and a generous giver, and is now a member of the Session, and a teacher of a large adult Bible class. The three large transom windows over the outside doors are the testimonials of a grateful church to the noble churches in Kingsboro, Gloversville, and Johnstown, N. Y. The Presbyterian Church of Kingsboro, and the

Congregational, of Gloversville, gave every year, from the beginning to the completion of the work, and at the day of dedication the Hon. D. B. Judson was present to represent them.

The only other window was put into its place by Mrs. Anna Allen, who has, with her family, been identified with the work from its inception, in memory of her two daughters, members and worshipers and givers to its needs. These precious ones lived to see it under roof, but not long enough to realize their hopes to be permitted to worship within its finished walls.

The work of the autumn was in preparing the first story for church and Sabbath-school purposes. Every nerve was strained to this end, for the place occupied was in storm but little better than out of doors. Often scholars sat with the rain dripping down upon them during school, and vessels would be set over the floor to catch it during preaching. The work was pushed on with little money; the people would come in after the labors of the day, and work till ten o'clock, sometimes later, at anything that could be done. Of these it is simple justice to mention Mr. Shaw, now a worthy deacon, and Mr. Kenney, who spent all the time he could spare from his business; their examples inspired others, so that a half dozen volunteers would be at work at once. Many of the city pastors took an unusual interest in this work. Dr. Addison Henry contributed himself, and went about amongst those of his acquaintances with the Pastor, until five hundred dollars were raised.

Dr. John DeWitt, in personal gifts, and in efforts in other directions, rendered invaluable services through these years; for these offerings of constant interest and help wherever opportunity offered, this church is grateful, the Kingdom of God richer, and the world better. Rev. Dr. Stephen Dana was not only a contributor, but induced others to give, as was also Dr. Dickey, of Calvary Church, Rev. Thomas, Drs. Logan, of Scranton, Stuart Mitchell, of Bloomsburgh, Hawes, of Hartford, Conn., having incidentally heard of the work, wrote for the facts, and sent an offering from himself and people. Dr. Theodore Cuyler invited the Pastor to occupy his pulpit and present his cause, and commended it and from him and his noble people help was received at a time when the work was almost penniless. Multitudes of ministerial brethern did all possible, according to their abilities. Some were weighed down in kindred interests, but helped in their constant faithfulness to this cause. Some assisted by filling our pulpit, giving their services, whose worth God only can compute. But one name remains to be spoken of in reverence and sorrow—Rev. Dr. William O. Johnstone, pastor of the Kensington Presbyterian Church. His heart opened to every good and needy cause, and his substance went alike to its help. No amount of personal discomfort would deter him. He went from place to place with the Pastor, using his personal influence to solicit funds in the exigencies of this work. Hundreds of dollars were secured through his personal efforts in

storms of snow and drenching rain, caring for naught but the victory at the end. He was loved by his people for his great heart and sheltering arms, and in every important step in their progress he was expected to be present. He moderated the call for the Pastor when the church had been organized. He lived to see this work crowned with the success he had so long prophesied for it, and in connection with the dedication of the church, delivered the charge to the Pastor; one of the most comprehensive of the duties of this trust, one of the most comforting in it, terse and yet elegant, aglow with the love of the Great Teacher, that was ever delivered or heard. He has now gone to his rest, full of labors, lamented by thousands. His place still gaps, and it will be years before nature and grace conspire to produce a man so useful and noble.

The departed Gustavus Benson belongs to the roll of honor. He gave through years cheerfully, as did others of this worthy Eldership of West Spruce Street Church, whose pastor's heart was full of hope and help for us. Dr. Shepherd's Eldership was represented by two elders, one of whom was John B. Stephenson. Bethesda—Dr. Eva's—by James Irwin. Blessed in its timeliness, which brought gladness to conquer desperation, was the benefaction of our old parishioner, James McManus, as also that of Mr. McDowell, of the firm of Jessup & Moore. Nor can we pass our own heroic band, always giving, always hopeful and prayerful. Men, women, and children; young men

and maidens, working with unconquerable energy in every form of the ingenuities of love. They came into this mission to work and give. We might recount incidents that would command admiration, were it not for the delicacies surrounding family life, and the limitations of secret offerings. The following will sample the whole. The Pastor had gone to preach for a church in the country, having the privilege of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Roberts, of Coatesville, Pa., to present his cause. Dr. Roberts was, by exchange, in our pulpit.

After his sermon, one of the brethern arose and spoke of the Pastor's absence, and of his heavy responsibilities, and said, "Brethren, while he is away toiling for us, let us raise a thousand dollars for the work, to be a surprise on his return on Monday morning." And thus, coming back with an offering from the Coatesville Church, generous according to ability and demand, he was confounded at what his own had done, for he thought they had given the last dollar that either duty or ability could find.

On another occasion he was asking his congregation for help, and they were astonishing him in their gifts, when a gentleman who had seen better days, who had once been able to give by the thousands, but had no more money, through the reverses of the times, took out his gold watch and insisted that what could be realized from it should be put into this work ever so near his heart.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the spiritual con-

dition of such a congregation, for as yet there was no organized church. The first story of the church was completed, and the hearts of the people were glad. Their faces showed it, their prayers told it, their songs breathed it with gratitude. The Sabbath-school increased. One said, "It seems to-day that I can understand the words of the Psalmist as never before, 'Return unto my rest, O my soul.'" There was another of those gracious seasons of refreshing, which marked every year of its history, and forty persons made profession of their faith.

CHAPTER XVIII.

About the first of November a visit was made to New York, in the hope that something could be elicited from Mr. Stuart in the direction of help. A call was made at his residence, on Chambers Street, but he was not in; but soon after an invitation came to dine with him, which was gladly accepted. Dr. Prime was also a guest, and on this occasion we learned more of Mr. Stuart's resources in wit and humor than had been conceived or thought in Saratoga interviews. His abilities were discerned to be of a high order. The dinner was one continuous sally between the two old friends, who had forty or fifty years of association to draw from. After the repast, and Dr. Prime had gone, the Pastor and his host were sitting by an old-fashioned fire-place, in which the coal was blinking bonnily. He began, "You are building a church." "Yes." "For people in moderate circumstances, I understand." "Yes." "Paying for it as you go?" "Yes." "Don't owe anything?" "No more than the week's wages to the hands." "Yes, yes, rich men like to go to churches out of debt." He was silent a moment, and then said, "Well, I must let you down easily. I think you are a pretty good specimen. But I know what you will do; you will go away and say old Stuart would'nt give you anything, and that you don't have any respect for his religion." The reply was quick and sharp. "You have

never been asked for a dollar, nor will you be. The subject would never have been mentioned but in reply to your questions. You were importuned to help the Saratoga Church out of its trouble, on the ground of its need to the Church at large, of which we both have the privilege and honor to belong." He was silent again, and then said, "What you say is so; you have been unselfish, and deserve help. If you will have your church entirely complete by the thirty-first day of December, I will give you five thousand dollars." The Pastor said, "I can't express my gratitude, but it won't be possible to get the church done by that time. It is not plastered, and can not be in the freezing weather that will be upon us." "I won't change it," he said, "for that will be a very important period with me. If you can't get it done by this time, I can't do anything for you. There will be a change in my affairs at that time." No more was said, and the conversation changed. "Farewell," was said, little thinking ever to meet him again.

The work was pushed forward with the hope that he would relent, in view of the impossibilities in the case. When the closing days of December came his confidential clerk, Mr. Delafield, wrote that he was very ill, desiring the Pastor to come to New York immediately. But a funeral of a parishioner on the day following prevented, and when Mr. Stuart's residence was reached his consciousness was too far gone to hold an interview. Mr. Delafield said, "He has twice during the day asked for your presence." He fell asleep after great

suffering, and a noble life was ended for time, full of blessed deeds. The Church at large has felt his absence, and the poor and needy have mourned his departure; the great benevolences of the Church thank God that he lived to bless his kind, and he died in the triumphs of hope; and this explains, no doubt, what he meant by the 31st of December being an important event in his life, beyond which he would make no engagements.

It was another sad blow to the struggling; hopes had been lifted so high, again to be dashed, as it appeared, to naught. He had made no written provision for this promise, and no legal obligation rested on any one to pay it, and it looked as if it were to be a repetition of the disappointments which had nigh driven to despair before. Mr. Delafield knew the facts. Mr. Stuart had talked the matter over with him, and this was the slender thread on which the frailest hope could hang.

CHAPTER XIX.

The time had now come for the organization of the church, and the Presbytery sent a committee, consisting of B. L. Agnew, D. D., Addison Henry, D. D., Rev. Mr. Malone, Moderator, and Elders Stewart and Stephenson, who fulfilled their mission by examining the certificates, amounting to about two hundred and fifty, most of them from the Alexander Church, as they had nearly all been received into this as the mother, while the new church was still a mission. The whole number of members from all sources amounted to two hundred and eighty. Captain W. W. Wallace and Wm. S. Ringgold were elected Elders. This history would be incomplete without a word about the work and service of Captain W. W. Wallace, Mr. Ringgold's work having been referred to in previous pages. Elder Wallace has been one of the most faithful and self-devoted of all the laborers in this undertaking; casting in his lot at the beginning, he has never faltered. Day and night he has served in almost every capacity, teaching Sabbath-school, visiting the sick, soliciting money, sharing with his brethren the labors of caring for the flock, giving of his substance with unstinted hands, rejoicing in successes, and cheering the faint-hearted in reverses. The Pastor best gives relief to his sense of obligation in saying, that without his constant assistance he could not have gone forward with the work,

for as there was no corporation, and being a matter of individual responsibility, this Elder shared with him often the care as to the maturing of the financial obligations. He kept the books, as treasurer, with a precision that will show the direction of every dollar received and expended in the building. Besides, he is the treasurer of the congregation, and keeps an account with all the members contributing to fulfill their weekly engagements to the support of the church. This testimony is but voicing the appreciation of the entire congregation. Elder Stewart, who came into the session later, was with us but little over a year, having gone into the ministry, and is now a successful pastor over the Presbyterian Church of Warsaw, Wisconsin. He was a great favorite in the church, personally, and on account of his faithfulness in duty, ever ready to speak for the Master, to visit the poor and needy, and to comfort the sick and dying. No pastor ever had a better session than these chosen by the church, in its organization and after—Elders Wallace and Ringgold, Baker and Stewart.

The government of this church includes the management of its finances. There is no charter and no legal trustees.

Eight deacons were elected to carry out the conception of the work above expressed. From the mother church were received Mr. Warthman and Mr. James Shaw, both well qualified by age and Christian experience, and very acceptable to those composing the new organization. The other five were young men of

piety and capacity as learners in their work. They were all ordained as evangelists to the destitute portions of the field, to hold meetings, to exhort or preach in houses, streets, market-houses, commons, in any place where they could get men to hear. Some of these young men have already appeared in the pages of this book in the line of duty, and, therefore, need no mention here. Dr. Graydon was, at the time of his ordination, a teacher in the Sabbath-school and leader of its music, and has fulfilled the hopes of the church which called him. He has made self-denials to its support in greater proportion than could be expected from one so young in his profession. William H. McCutcheon, a worker in the mission at its beginning, was one of the first band who gave themselves so entirely to its trials and successes. His holidays were devoted to scattering circulars, inviting people to the services, and gathering the children into the Sabbath-school. He was first a teacher and after succeeded to the superintendency of the primary Sabbath-school, where he has a school of about two hundred. He is not only a worker, but a giver. In every crisis in the church's history his presence and benefactions have been felt for good.

The places of three who have gone from us have been filled by men efficient and devoted, Messrs. Crawford, Bucher, and J. W. Shaw.

While the financial management of the church is in the hands of the session and deacons, there is a committee of finance, consisting of two from the session

and two from the diaconate, and two chosen by the congregation, members of the church ; the two chosen by the congregation were Chester F. Griesemer, a young man who made his profession of faith in the mission, and who has been one of our helpers from the beginning, admirably qualified in financial ability and manner for the place; and the other, Mr. Crawford, who is now in the diaconate. The financial management is where it ought to be, and has worked successfully, and without friction.

As there is no board of trustees, the property is secured to the Presbyterian Church by deed, and is held in trust by one trustee for the use of that congregation which shall worship in connection with and under the care of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, and also under care of Presbytery of Philadelphia Central, and shall adhere to the Confession of Faith, its form of government and doctrinal symbols.

CHAPTER XX.

THE government of this church will form an important part of its history, and to this end the conception of the office of deacon as it appears in the New Testament, and as exercised in this church, may be surprising. If it is Scriptural and reasonable, there need be no concern about this only apparent departure from common usage.

It is a chronic perplexity in most Presbyterian churches what to do with the deacons. Many have freed themselves from it by having none. Hence this institution, coming into view in the Acts of the Apostles, and seeming to be necessary then, is practically left as one of the inexplicable things to be stowed away, as if among the mysteries of the Apocalypse—a mere provision extraordinary to meet the necessities growing out of a church quarrel, and passing away with the subsidence of the murmurs of jealousy. In many churches, where loyalty to the requirements of our Form of Government fills this office, it is a sinecure—the men not knowing what to do and the church not being able to tell them. In others it is their business to see about the collections, or carry food and other relief to any poor persons in the church. In the prevailing conceptions of the office and its duties it is hard to know why such an appendage has grown into the life of the church, alike

exasperating to the unfortunate incumbents and tormenting to the church, the only comfort being, in many cases, that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

Confession is here made that for years it was the perplexity of the ministry to know what to put the deacons to do, for it is a manifest defect to have ordained officers doomed to withering idleness; besides, it opens the door for Satan to find employment for idle hearts and hands. The thought might have been indulged in, that it was a committee extraordinary, invested with special power for emergencies. But this can not be entertained when the fact is considered of the solemnity of their calling and their ordination, which does not differ from that of the apostles. Besides, in the Epistles to Timothy and Titus the office not only exists, but instructions are given that show that it is a permanent function of the Church, and these instructions as to qualification, conduct, and duties reach to their wives and children. The Episcopal Church has striven to meet the difficulty by making the office the first order in the ministry. But they have thus lost the special reason for a call to the diaconate—the care of the poor. The deacon in the Episcopal Church has not the duty of almoner of food to the hungry. He has one-half of what is conceived to have been the original purpose in the office—ministry to the spiritual needs of the poor.

The conviction has compelled the view that diaconate has two essential elements—first, to be the custodians

and distributors of the church's benefactions to all persons and causes dependent on the church's sacrifices; second, that to them the poor in any particular church may apply for bread. It is the loving hand of the church representing its heart to the needy for the necessities of life—food, shelter, care, and clothing; but alongside of this, and essential to the true idea of the office, that it is charged and ordained to the care of the souls of this class who, by their poverty, infirmities of age, and sickness are often cut off from church privileges.

To make the idea of the office clear in a few words, it is believed that the deacons should be the evangelists of the particular churches in which and by which they are called to serve—to preach the Gospel under the care of the session, wherever want, unbelief and sickness, and their disabilities have hindered men and women from coming to the services of God's house. They have charge of that moving tabernacle, on which ought to be carried along neglected courts and streets, to preach to the lost spirits, prison-bound, and to strike down deeper into human misery than the church establishment administered in the sanctuary can reach.

Hence the diaconate in the Presbyterian Church, from the circumstances of its origin and the histories of the services rendered by Deacons Stephen and Philip, and by all more or less successfully to one or the other of these two functions of bodily or spiritual poverty.

The great want of the Presbyterian Church has been such a supplemental agency between the ministry, edu-

cated according to the requirements of the Church, so wise and beneficial, and the work that godly laymen can do better, relieving the pastors of many unnecessary burdens, that they may give themselves to the more important and indispensable duties of the ministry.

Every pastor has felt the need of helpers, not merely voluntary and often fitful, depending on ebulitions of religious feelings, for which there is an abundant place, but an ordained company of men, full of the Holy Ghost, to look after all these needs. Men who will magnify their office as the church magnifies it for them—known of all men—witnesses to the truth, who can tell the story of the Cross as Stephen told the story of Redemption in the histories detailed of God's goodness to his fathers. What a loss the Presbyterian Church has sustained by not utilizing its piety, zeal, and learning! We have men of the highest culture in our pews, who can, in the duties of business and professional life, preach occasional sermons as well as the average minister, and some of them better. It would have saved to us noble talents consecrated to Christ which have wrought outside of the church, and sometimes against it. If this had been the policy of the Church there would have been no need of Young Men's Christian Association preaching. The Church could have employed under her own direction all her surplus talent. In exalting the diaconate to its Scriptural place, the number of pastors would not need to be so great, and each would assume his proper place as a bishop, an

His Pet.—A pigeon, which for six years was a pet of late Thurlow Weed, for a long time showed, in a ching way, his appreciation of the loss of his master. t long since, a gentleman called at the house, and the eon alighted on his shoulder, cooed, peered into the anger's face, and then flew into an adjoining room.

'He has done that to every gentleman that has come o the house since father died," said Miss Weed, with gh.

'He takes most kindly to Gen. Bowen, who visits me asionally, and who has been in feeble health some e and walks slowly.

'The bird will coo and fly to the general's shoulder, when he sees that it is not my father, he will stop his ing, and find some other perch.

'Since the day that father's remains were carried ay, the affectionate creature has been seeking for his ster. He flies through every room in the house, and ly haunts the library, where father spent most of his e with his pet.

'He will tread over every inch of space on the lounge, l then go on to the rug, over which he will walk re- tedly, as if in expectation of his dead master's coming.

'He invariably does this at meal-times, when our table et in the back parlor, of which we now make a dining- m. He can see our table from the rug."

'Then you do not put him in a cage?"

'Oh, never!" was the response. "The run of the ise has been his since he came into it. Other pigeons ne into our yard frequently, and our pet sometimes is them. He seldom remains long with them, but nes back through one of the windows, and begins his rch again through the house for my father."

Deacons they certainly rose above it, and as fair a proportion of these officers as of the apostles became eminent as evangelists. There must have been a wider meaning to the word "poor" than mere food destitutions. If such a meaning is possible it would be a blessing to

those called; it would unearth a surprising amount of talent and Christian culture; it would give restless spirits, who are restless because of their unused abilities, congenial and useful employment; it would bring all the vagrant forces of the Church within banks, in appointed channels; it would furnish us with men for all our places—a disciplined corps of reserves ready for every demand.

The Methodist Church has kept ahead in its missionary work. This Church has trod on the heels of the savage from the rising of the sun in this land of ours unto the going down of the same. Every school-house, and barn, and court-house, and cabin was dedicated to the extension of Christ's kingdom; and the circuit-rider pushed on and squatted, and by "squatter-sovereignty" the Methodist Church has covered the broad places of this land. After the place was occupied the local preacher was ordained—the best man usually in the neighborhood, who knew more than the average of his neighbors—and he became high priest and oracle.

The Presbyterian Church has had all this power, and better endowed within her own bosom, but it has remained in a comatose state. Instruments have been hers that could have turned the world upside down for Christ, and could have held every spot in this land until the educated ministry could have moved on, without the enormous expense which our present methods require. With such a lay force as is provided in the diaconate one educated minister could have chased a

thousand, and two could have put ten thousand to flight. This country was given to the Presbyterian Church in the beginning, but she set her face against an ignorant ministry, and rightly. Her first serious schism occurred when the Cumberland Presbyterians quit her communion because the destitutions of the Southwest were greater than her production of an educated ministry, but she never thought to look in her own standards for the ordained supply for these needs, by whom her destitutions could have been met and the members of her own body kept intact. It has been acting a policy as absurd as the government would if it should insist that West Point should change its manner in educating the higher officers, and should require sergeants and corporals and teamsters and the rank and file to be all graduates ere they could do duty in their country's perils.

But it may be said, "In your ideal diaconate, what becomes of the other side of his office—the care of the poor?" His work as an evangelist does not disqualify, but rather assists him, and if we consider the Church according to its New Testament conception, his financial abilities will find the fullest scope. Charters are foreign to the life of the Church, and have often been the occasion of the secularizing it, and the putting Christ in His Church under the foot of Cæsar. Trustees are fungi, and have no place in a church organization according to the New Testament ideal. They have no place in the pattern received from heaven, and our Church has always had its standing protest against an institution that

has no other existence except in legal enactments. This is not the fault of trustees, many of whom are among the best of men, but the fault is in putting legal restraints on the spiritual organism, however remotely. The genius of the Church requires that all her functions be spiritual; that the money that sustains her be a sacred sacrifice at the altar, and being such, ordained men ought to handle it.

CHAPTER XXI.

Now came the hardest period of financial struggle. The building had progressed to a point at which the public felt that the congregation could finish it themselves, forgetting that this heroic people had through five years been on a strain, and was now panting of exhaustion. The small benefactions had almost ceased, and if the church was to be finished it could only be by help from those who could give larger amounts. It seemed as if the time had come when the work would cease from general debility. The congregation began to feel that God's help only in some special way could bring the end of the undertaking, and here we touch one of the sources of supplies that has been occasion of personal comfort and gratitude to God for his unfailing interest in our work. It is with fear that offence may be given that this noble helper's name is revealed to the gratitude of our people and all lovers of the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom. The excuse for doing so is that the Presbytery, to encourage others in the work, has asked a faithful history, which this would not be if one of the pillars were left out. In the beginning of the pastorate in the Alexander Church, during a stay at Cresson Springs, a friendship was formed with James McCormick, Esq., of Harrisburg, whose enthusiasm in Christ's cause drew the story of the child's bequest before it had taken any form of future good. He became interested in the

fulfilling of this promise, and has watched its progress with an interest that has been substantially expressed again and again. His munificent gifts came in days when there appeared no alternative but to give up, and this continued and extended not only to the completion of the church, but to its furnishing, and it is but a poor relief to gratitude to God and His helpful children to tell it, for the history of the Church of Christ in the world is from the aggregation of such timely and continuous help of those who feel obligation for His great care. Thoughout this struggle it has been one of God's Providences in the extremes through which help came. A little letter came to the office of the *Presbyterian* in the hand and language of a child, written from Gloversville, N. Y.

"We heard you tell in our church about the little girl who gave you the box of money to build a church. We had no money to give you. Our mamma is dead, and papa has hard work to take care of us. Brother and I asked him if we might send mamma's ring and sleeve-buttons to you to help build the church, and he said we might, and we want you to sell them and give it for us."

From another child came a locket, the history of which we have no means of knowing; these treasures are still in our possession, to be used as the donors desire, when some of God's children, touched by the beauty of the sacrifice, will redeem them. The ministry is not without representation in this host who have reared

this monument. One poor home missionary said: "It's God's work, and I want my name among those who are building it up with their offerings, and I can spare twenty-five cents; it's not much, but He can make it more." He is only one of a multitude whose names are written on this house in gifts, the best they could offer. The wife of a Congregationalist minister, from Vermont, with her sister, from Troy, contributed every year from the beginning, in Saratoga, where they visited during the season. In Chicago the Pastor preached, in vacation, during the time of the Knights Templar celebration. Hearing of the facts, strangers came with their offerings, some of them from the Pacific Coast, and one from Australia left his gift on the altar.

In Dr. Niccols' church, St. Louis, at the very beginning of the work, many, young and old, gave liberally after the account of the bequest was heard. The first were the little children of Judge Breckinridge, an honored Elder in this church.

The spiritual condition, the most important factor in successful church building, was good. If the Spirit of God is present, it can command all the money needed; it opens new avenues, and those, too, that cold-heartedness has closed. It is a fatal mistake to neglect the spiritual interests of a church in building operations. A dissension and the dismissal of the Pastor or a division will be the result. Keep the temperature of life well up in prayer, and its works, and the house will go up without clink of tool or noise of ham-

mer. More, love and life will build for eternity. The church had another awakening, beginning with the Week of Prayer, and an increase on profession of forty-eight. During those services a young carpenter, who had been employed for many months, was interested, and remained in conversation and prayer; the communion had passed, and too many have the impression that they can only unite with the church at such seasons; this, no doubt, was the cause of his delay. One morning he went upon the scaffold to do some work, pointing the stones before taking down the scaffold. The Pastor was standing below. He had about two minutes' work to do, lifting a box and laying it on the scaffold to enable him to reach the remaining work. The Pastor, seeing the danger, said; "Billy, you are fixing a trap to hurt yourself; get a board and fasten it, and don't stand on that box." At that moment a lady passing engaged him in conversation; looking up, a moment after, he saw Billy falling, head foremost, a distance of twenty-five feet. His head was crushed on the pavement. His pulse never beat after. There had not been a case of serious injury from the beginning, and it seemed strange that within ten minutes of the taking down of the last section of the scaffolding that this death should occur. It was a sad day to all, nor did it relieve this oppressed sense that he had brought it, by disregard of advice, on himself. Death is terrible under any circumstances, and especially at the threshold of a church. But it was a com-

fort to be able to say over his remains that he had given his heart to Christ; and this was confirmed in a strange way. At the beginning a family belonging to the Episcopal Church moved into a house immediately opposite the chapel. Their oldest child, a son about ten years old, from the time they came, showed a persistent interest in everything pertaining to this mission and church building. He would not stay away. The Pastor frequently drove him off, fearing that he would be hurt; it did no good, and he was given up, on account of his persistence to see and help in all that was going on. He was a bright boy, one of the brightest and best. He was ready for any service or sacrifice. He had the capacity to comprehend and direct the mechanics in difficult undertakings, and young as he was, in putting up the great trusses to support the roof, when the foreman became bewildered, he could point out to him the intended places for the timbers. There was no work in connection with this church that was menial to him. He would clean the floors of the chapel, bring coal, make fires, carry mortar, if need be; he told the Pastor the week the church was completed, that there was no part of it on which his hands had not been laid.

He was a Sabbath-school scholar, and his lessons were perfect. He was always at church, and would repeat or read his verse, when an opportunity was given, during the Friday night prayer-meeting. When he was about twelve years old he was convicted of sin and found a Saviour, and revealed the fact in a Godly life

and conversation. He desired to unite himself with the people of God. But his parents, either on account of his age or their want of Presbyterian sympathies, did not grant his request; he was obedient to their wishes, cheerful and dutiful to home and church through a whole year of suspense, during which he said before every communion, "I wish mother would let me come into the church." After such a desire expressed repeatedly, his mother was waited upon by the Pastor, who found that his parents sympathized with him, and were only waiting to be assured that it was not a transient impulse. He was received to his great joy, and grew in grace and in all the elements of a noble young manhood, for both intellect and graces were beyond his years. His teacher, Mr. McCutcheon, was transferred from the class, in which he was a scholar, to the infant school as its superintendent, and Horace Patton went with him as one of his aids. He grew here into the stature of manhood, though only sixteen. His mind and attainments kept pace with his body, for he was first in all his classes in the High School. He spent every leisure moment he could spare from study and home duty in the primary Sunday-school room, often into the late hours of the night. Everything about the church was dear to him; he loved its stones and bulwarks strong. He would walk round it almost every day to look at it. He was as tender to the little ones as a mother, and to all of them he was a big, noble-hearted brother.

When the superintendent was absent he would take his

place, and never hesitate to open the school with prayer. He was as beloved by the lady assistants, Miss Napheys, Mrs. Liberton, Misses McGary and McCutcheon, and Mrs. Cox; ever ready to serve, not by request, but by beautiful intuitions, refined by grace. Were it not for the sequel which will come at the close of this book, it would be improper, even though true, to speak thus of any young man. This breaking of the thread from the sad death of Billy is to bring out the facts of his spiritual condition. Horace had discovered that this humble carpenter, in some respects neglected because humble, was seeking light in the hope of consecrating himself to Christ. Horace's duties at school and home took much of his time, but he would come at noon to talk of salvation with Billy; sitting by themselves on a log beyond the church, as Billy in his noontide hour was eating his dinner, he instructed him with the ardor of a disciple who loved to bring men to Christ, that He might see the travail of His soul and be satisfied. Thus did this young Christian glorify his Lord, and so are we comforted in his fidelity about the salvation of poor Billy, who fell into eternity at the door of the church.

CHAPTER XXII.

The death of Mr. Stuart was a heavy blow; even hope was faint as to whether we could get the ground paid for on which the church stood. We have already noted the fact that its title was in court, and a pretended friend was trying to involve it hopelessly to his own benefit. But there are no rayless days in God's moral world; the difficulties are all in the mediums of vision. At this juncture a friend came to our aid, the mention of whose name will not give him any pleasure, but it will to the church for which we live. It may stimulate young men, by such examples of rising by diligence and capacity to where they have the ability to make God's people thankful and happy. Thomas Beaver, Esq., one of the very first friends the Pastor had the good fortune to call his own in 1866, had been in Europe during the early struggles in this endeavor. He knew but little about it, but even on this slight knowledge sent an offering for "Auld lang sine," as he said. But afterward learning its history and progress became a friend in need; three times he came to our aid in these dark days, and it would be unpardonable personal ingratitude not to record it. It would be more unfaithful to a grateful church, which has prayed for him and his, not to record these obligations. This, with other smaller contributions, tided us over the spring until summer had come again, and the imposing

structure proclaimed the fact that we were on the home stretch. But our chronic grief was, that while the building was being paid for, that mortgage of seven thousand dollars clung like the shadows of death to us, for already two had gone who had promised that this burden would be removed.

One of the warmest days of July a visit was made to New York City, why it would be hard to tell, unless to see our old friend, Dr. Henry R. Wilson, of the Board of Church Erection, thinking he could, in the fertility of his love for the great cause, make at least some hopeful suggestions. He was not without comfort for us. He said Mr. Robert L. Stuart, the brother of the lamented benefactor, Alexander, had been in the day before, and he had talked with him about the promise of his brother, and that his son, Rev. Henry M. Wilson, had given him a picture of the church, which had interested him sufficiently to make him ask several pertinent questions. Mr. Delafield, a man in whose integrity these brothers had confidence, knew of the promise of Mr. Alexander Stuart, and explained it and the circumstances to his brother. Through these influences and Mr. Robert L. Stuart's own interest in the cause of Christ, together with his desire to fulfill any promise of his beloved brother, he did more than even his brother had promised. He came to Dr. Wilson's office and said to him, "If you are satisfied that all is right about this church and will see that the conditions of security required by the Board are given, I will add two thousand to the amount prom-

ised by my brother, and satisfy the mortgage of seven thousand." Joy was master that day, for it was generous and timely, and, in answer to prayer, God redeemed the promise of another servant of His who did not live to do it himself. The papers were telegraphed for, and within two days the church was without debt, either on ground or building.

The vacation of that year was without shadow, and all that was received for preaching or by gifts was toward the last struggle. The autumn opened full of hope. The church was in a good spiritual condition; the people rallied again; the women of the church, ever in the front rank, were now ahead in their clever devices to raise the last amount. The Pastor and one of the members, Mr. James Stinson, agreed to procure the money for the carpeting, if the church would raise the balance of the funds necessary to complete the building, an undertaking which might have lagged if the church had not given the tonic necessary in fulfilling their part of the engagement. Over thirteen hundred yards of carpeting of the best quality was no holiday undertaking; but the carpet dealers of Philadelphia undertook it, one of whom was Mr. Stinson. Factory after factory was visited, and sometimes those who had given doubled their subscriptions, and so the heavy work went on, and the floors of this large church were covered by the choicest ingrain body Brussels and Wilton. The pews are cushioned in English damask, secured by our faithful co-worker, Elder Wallace, through a New York mer-

chant and importer; and the hair for stuffing was the gift of Mr. Wm. M. Singerly, the proprietor of the *Philadelphia Record.* Another of the joyous reminiscences in this connection was an invitation to preach in the church of Rev. Dr. Vandervere, in which Mr. Hardenburg is an elder. This noble old Dutch Reformed Church, so called because its history is in its old name, gave liberally, its mission, too, joining, and both are on the roll. Elder Hardenburg was present at the opening services, bringing salutations, which were given in a stirring speech.

In the last efforts toward the furnishing the pressure was very heavy, but here, as ever, friends came to our aid. James Spear, Esq., heard of our last efforts while on the piazza of the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, and proposed to complete our heating apparatus, consisting of two handsome grates and a large and expensive heater. The beautiful tiling, so much admired, around the grate was furnished and set by former parishioners in the Cohocksink Church, Messrs. Sharpless & Watts. In the constant need of lumber a former parishioner in the Alexander Church, Charles Blanchard, Esq., made a large donation; and in this line were also Messrs. Neeley and Malone. A most timely offer was received in this emergency from Mr. Selden Walkley for himself and wife as a memorial of their conversion to Christ and reception into the Alexander Church, and the baptism of their two sons by the pastor, which has become a sad memorial of the death of the younger.

CHAPTER XXIII.

This building is of the most substantial character; the exterior is of Lumberton granite, fronting on Montgomery Avenue 126 feet, on Bouvier Street 100 feet; having a spire on the north-east corner 136 feet high, 70 feet of which is French hammered glass, the only glass steeple in the world, which at night can be illuminated. A stone tower on the north-west corner is 110 feet high. The structure is Gothic in style of architecture, and has a stained-glass window, one of the largest known, 20 by 50 feet, and five others 20 by 30 feet. It is two stories, the first about 16 feet high, has a lecture-room and seven class-rooms. The second contains a beautiful audience-room, with eight vaulted gables, with flying arches, converging to two points, supported by marble columns. The interior is finished throughout in oak and walnut, the interstices of the ceiling of sky-blue, flecked with stars, with chamfers gilded. A gallery extends around three sides, 16 feet wide, the front of which is defended by a nickel-plated rod and standards. It is semi-circular, with a parquet circle; fronting the audience are two fire-places, with grates and mantel-pieces, one on each side of the pulpit, for heat and ventilation. The upholstery is of scarlet English damask; the carpets of the best quality, the pulpit in Wilton, aisles in Brussels, and the body in ingrain, nearly 1400 yards. The central chandelier is a work of art, the original cost of

which was over $1500. The walls are frescoed in fine taste. The height of the audience-room from floor to apex is 59 feet. It will hold about sixteen hundred people. Attached to the church is a house for the sexton, containing eight rooms and the Pastor's study. The ground and buildings cost about $60,000, and its present value is estimated at $75,000; this includes one of Roosevelt's best organs, with a capacity of forty-four couplings.

The dedication services began on Sunday, November 12, by a sermon from the Pastor, from the text Luke vii. 5, "For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue." The afternoon services at 4 o'clock consisted of addresses by the Revs. George Wiswell, D.D., Matthew Newkirk, D.D., L. P. Hornberger, of the Baptist Church, and by Hon. D. B. Judson, of Kingsboro, N. Y. The evening sermon was by the Rev. H. C. McCook, D.D. On Monday evening addresses were made by the Rev. Drs. Breed and Wiswell. On Tuesday evening the sermon was by the Rev. Professor Patton, D.D., of Princeton, with Revs. W. H. Hodge and Dr. Robbins conducting the opening services. On Wednesday evening an able and interesting address on the "Relation of Temperance to Business" was delivered by Hon. D. B. Judson. On Thursday evening the sermon was by the Rev. S. M. Hamilton, pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, New York. On Friday evening preaching by the Rev. J. S. McIntosh, of the Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. On Sab-

bath, November 19, the dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Cattell. In the service at 4 P. M., addresses were made by the Rev. Drs. Agnew and Thomas X. Orr. The whole closed at the evening service with the installation of the Pastor, by a committee of the Presbytery Central, consisting of the Rev. J. S. Malone, Moderator, and Rev. Dr. Henry, who delivered the sermon. Rev. Dr. Cattell, of Lafayette, gave the charge to the people, and the Rev. Dr. Johnstone the charge to the Pastor. In addition to the brethren named above, the following were present and took part in the services, viz. :—Rev. Drs. Charles Brown, G. H. S. Campbell, C. E. Ford, J. H. McMonagle, J. H. Munro, Dr. W. M. Rice, W. D. Roberts, J. Ford Sutton, A. G. McAuley, and altogether, better preaching and talking by ministers and laymen has not been heard than that which the people of the new Memorial Presbyterian Church, Eighteenth Street and Montgomery Avenue, had during those ten days. The secular press of Philadelphia also rendered invaluable aid from the beginning.

This is the result, substantial and splendid, of some years of hard work, of self-denial and faithfulness. The history of the enterprise from the day in which it was inspired by the words of the dying Christian girl to the point just reached is known to many of our readers, and may well encourage all who, in the face of difficulties and under the pressure of discouragements, are striving to advance the kingdom of Christ. The work is one that will stand and be an honor to those

by whom it has been so well accomplished. The property is now entirely out of debt, and the church starts on its career with a promise of usefulness.

This history is but a record of surprises, most of which were in the church's best interest. When the time for dedication had come, there was needed, to clear all, over five thousand dollars, and the home stretch in all such movements is the hardest. The congregation had stripped itself of money, some families even of the necessaries for common comfort. Friends outside felt that having reached the end so nearly, this comparatively trifling sum could not stand in the way of final success. We could no longer beg, and were not able to give, and were nearer failure than at any time from the beginning. Dedication day was our only hope. The faithful congregation gave again in the morning service, but the sum did not reach the needed amount to keep the pledge made at the beginning, not to dedicate until absolutely free from debt, for the furnishing as well as the building.

Again, at the afternoon service, an attempt was to be made to this end, and not without discouragement; for the people outside who had money had not appeared as yet. The first sense of relief came in a surprise on a card from a friend who had given so liberally before that we could have no expectation of his giving again, Mr. James Hogg saying he would give five hundred dollars if we, by it, could raise the balance. As the collectors passed around during the services, we

had another delightful surprise from a former parishioner of the Alexander Church, Mr. Wm. Wood, of five hundred dollars for himself and family. This was not the first gift from him. And his wife, now of sainted memory, had always remembered this church when it was a mission. They had contributed to its Sabbath-school expenses; and to every application for help in the many little church devices to raise funds, they had responded. This gift has taken the form of a precious memorial in the fact that it was probably the last gift as a united family. For soon after, Mrs. Wood entered into her rest, leaving a bereaved household and sorrowing friends, not only on account of her noble qualities, but for the loss to the cause of Christ, which she ever put before and above all, and these words are but a feeble tribute from one who had learned to appreciate her precious life as her Pastor for nine years, in which he read her character in sickness, in the loss of her children, and in her pity to the distressed, and loyalty to Christ and His Church.

This hard-fought battle of poverty and adversity is over, and the people who struggled through all the years from June 1st, 1876, to the 17th of November, 1882, have entered into their temple, without debt, and our noble benefactors can feel that their gifts will bless the race long after the hearts that have prayed and given have ceased to beat.

Immediately after the dedication the Spirit of God was manifestly again in our midst. God put His seal upon

the work in the Shekinah of His glory. Forty-eight were added, thirty-six by profession of their faith, not only from within the covenant enclosure, but out of the wider unfolding of God's promise: "To them that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." It is to the Pastor an unspeakable relief and comfort, that the engagement at the bed-side of that Christian child is fulfilled. Another monument to God's faithfulness in what we sometimes think hopeless undertakings, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; I will perfect My strength in thy weakness."

And now we have reached the first fruit gathered within the walls of this new temple. We have already given a section out of the life of Horace Patton, and now must tell the rest, and our record will be complete. Joy beamed on his noble face as he entered the building, all complete, whose every part had gone together under his own gaze. The dedicatory services were the first ray of a glorious sun-setting to him. His delight was evident as he came in with the two hundred little ones to the children's service, one of the noble workers who watched this flower garden of the church during the services of the Week of Prayer. All his thoughts turned to the salvation of his father and sister, whom he fondly loved, and who as yet had not made profession of their faith in Christ. He would come to the infant school-room and pray for them, that God would put His image in their hearts. They did not see their way clear to unite with the church then, but he had too much faith

in God's promises to be disappointed. He believed, and said to the Pastor that they would come, and cheerfully went on with his duties, little knowing how near they were ended, and when the Master to whom he was giving would say, "It is enough, come up hither and behold My glories." He came, almost daily, to his accustomed place, the infant school-room, and many wondered what attractions could be there for him, but it is all clear now. On Saturday evening he passed round the corner of Eighteenth Street, and turned down Montgomery Avenue to the church. The Pastor, sitting by the window, observed him and remarked, "There goes Horace to gaze upon the church, the love of his heart." It was his last look on the towers and walls he loved so well. He was not present at the Friday night prayer-meeting, an event so unusual that inquiries were made about it. Dr. Graydon, his physician, said, "He has pneumonia, and is very sick." The Pastor went to see him. He looked pale and pensive, as if he had vague intimations of something just ahead which he could not then comprehend. The Pastor prayed for him and his restoration to duty, for the cold thought had not settled down upon consciousness that his work was done; and bidding him to be strong and good-night, promised to see him on Saturday, but before he could fulfill his promise he was sent for, and when he reached him consciousness was sinking below the coast line, and only lingering rays lay back upon the receeding world. That night, after hours of conflict

with pain, he went to sleep, the most beautiful, sanctified, manly form and face our tear-dimmed eyes ever rested upon. There was no terror there; beauty had consumed it. No sorrow has ever so chastened this young church. On the day of his burial the house was filled; the hearts alike of old and young were breaking. Fathers and mothers wept as for a noble son, and the young mourned as over a brother beautiful and true. His form was the first to be carried into the church for which he toiled, dressed by the loving hands of the sorrowing women who wrought with him in the garden of flowers; they would let no hands but theirs touch his precious remains. At the close of the services, as the little ones passed by his coffin, each dropped a white flower on his breast, and from many eyes more precious tributes accompanied them. Our sky was eclipsed, but light has come. That loving father took the place of his beloved son at the next communion, with that sister by his side, and a younger one, too, and now they are all in the fold, and some of his companions came as well. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Thanks unto God for His unspeakable gift, and thanks to his children, made rich through His poverty, for the return they have made to the dying request of one of His little ones.

DEED OF TRUST.

In trust for, nevertheless, and subject to the following conditions, limitations, and restrictions: That is to say, in trust for the use of the congregation that shall worship in the church now erected or hereafter to be erected on said lot of ground above described and granted, so long as said congregation shall adhere to the doctrines and principles of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, as now held by said Church, and as the same shall be announced from time to time by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, with which the Central Presbytery of Philadelphia is now connected. And whenever the congregation worshiping in said Church shall cease to adhere to the doctrines and principles of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America as aforesaid then in trust to grant and convey the said lot or piece of ground, with the church buildings and improvements thereon erected, to the Board of the Church Erection Fund of the said General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, free, clear, and discharged of and from all trusts whatsoever. *Provided*, however, and it is hereby expressly stipulated, that the said Samuel A. Mutchmore, trustee as aforesaid, his successor and successors in the trust, shall have no right, power, or authority to

mortgage the said lot or piece of ground with the said church buildings thereon erected, nor in any way encumber the same, nor shall the same be liable for any debt contracted by the congregation worshiping in said Church, or by any committee, officer, or trustee thereof, nor for any debt contracted by the said Samuel A. Mutchmore, trustee as aforesaid, his successor or successors in the trust.

APPENDIX.

The following are the names of those who by money, materials, or services, helped this work in its progress to completion. Owing to the lapse of so many years since its commencement, and among such a large number interested, it is probable that the names of many friends—who ought to have honorable mention—have been unintentionally *overlooked and omitted.* From all such their most generous indulgence is asked.

Adamson, William.
Allen, Mrs. Ann.
Armor, Thos. A.
Allen, Miss Eliza.
Allen, Miss Anna.
Aitken.
Allen, William J.
Anonymous (per Mrs. Yerkes)
Allen, Miss Ida.
Allen, Mrs. F. B.
Allen, Miss Sarah.
Alexander Presb'n S. School.
Agnew, Rev. J. R.
Arrott, William.
Agnew, Samuel.
Alcorn, Wm. W.
Allen, Miss Amanda.
Adamson, C. B.
Allen, Frank Olcott.
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